THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD.

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HE MAKES COMPLAINT

Mr. Mellen Regrets Demands of Organized Labor.

TELLS OF STARTLING INCREASE IN OPERATING EXPENSES.

New Haven, Conn., June 1—President Charles S. Mellen of the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad in an address to the stockholders who had voted to merge this company with the Consolidated Railway Company on Friday said:

"The only uncertain, unhappy elements with which the management has to contend are the demands of organized labor, which are very tremendous, and which will cost us this coming year in the vicinity of $800,000 for increases in wages; and the unfortunate situation we are in with regard to the freight car demurrage, which is doubled by the American Railway Association beginning July 1, which will make another $800,000 increase in our expenses.

"Therefore, I have to look in the face from July 1, 1907, an increase in the expenses of this company of $1,600,000 from these two items alone, and I regret to say, so far as the organized labor item is concerned, that I am meeting constantly a decreased efficiency with every increase in wages."

When the meeting reassembled in the afternoon the stockholders voted for the merger, the terms of which provide that the charter powers of both companies are vested in the new corporation, and the total stock after the exchange of shares is to be $271,187,100, these figures indicating that the present outstanding stock of the New Haven company is $91,187,199.

President Mellen, in response to an inquiry, said that in the period from July 1, 1903, to May 21, 1907, the sum of $157,000,000 had been expended. Out of this sum about ninety-seven and three-quarters millions have gone for securities in other companies which are paying interest upon the cost of their investment.

Out of the balance $37,000,000 has been spent for real estate equipment, new trackage and electrization of the New York division. Ten millions can be accounted for in actual essentials, and the balance has been expended to increase the stock of material on hand, advances to leased lines which are to be repaid from time to time by issue of securities of those companies and the insurance and casualty funds.

President Mellen said that for ten months of the present fiscal year the net earnings of the company were between two and three quarters and three millions and he could conceive of nothing which would impair the ability of the company to earn and pay its dividends at the existing rate.

IS A HARVARD MAN

J. J. Butler, formerly manager of Exeter Chambers and Hotel Oxford, Boston, has been appointed resident manager of the Rockingham Hotel by General Manager Frank C. Hall. Mr. Butler who assumed his duties today (Saturday) is a Harvard University man, is well known socially and will be an addition to the social and business life of the hotel.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

A special meeting of Carpenters and Joiners Local Union, No. 921, wil be held Saturday evening next, June 1, in G. A. R. Hall at eight o'clock. Every member is hereby urged to be present.

ROBERT V. NOBLE,
Recording Secretary.

DEPOSITIONS TAKEN

Depositions in the Prosser suit were taken in the probte court room at the county court house this (Saturday) forenoon before Justice Harry F. Allen. All the local newspaper correspondents were summoned.

TAKEN TO BRENTWOOD

Officer Burke took Charles Downing to Brentwood today.

All Ready For

Housekeepers -- The New Basement.

We want you to come, just the same, even if you think you don't need, or want anything, you'll find handy utensils for kitchen and laundry use === everything that can make the kitchen more comfortable and more convenient.

And you'll find, as well, that prices won't stand in the way of your sharing in the offerings. Our new basement store is the place to buy kitchen utensils.

THESE PRICES ARE FOR SATURDAY ONLY.

Handy Sleeve Boards, value 10c, 5c.

Perforated Chair Seats, value 10c, 5c.

Shelf Paper, best quality, 5 yd pieces, value 5c piece, 2 pieces for 5c.

Revolving Flour Sifters, value 12c, 7c.

Large Galvanized Water Pails 25c value, 15c.

Wire Racks for Soap and Tooth Brushes, 15c value, 7c.

Dish Mops, 5c value, 3c.

Enameled Tea and Coffee and Sugar Cans, 17c value, 5c.

Extension Bowl Strainers, 25c value, 8c.

Wire Sink Drainers, fit in the corner, 35c value, 8c.

Wire Dish Drainers, 20c value, 10c.

Painted Tin Cuspidors, 10c value, 4c.

Window Screens, hard wood frames, our regular 25c screens at 19c, our regular 30c screens at 22c.

Salt and Pepper Shakers, 5c value, at 3c.

Toilet Paper, regular 5c packages 8 for 25c, regular 10c packages 4 for 25c, regular 10c rolls 4 for 25c.

Genuine Dover Egg Beaters, 10c value, 4c.

Handles for Mrs. Potts' Irons, 10c value, 5c.

ENAMELED WARE.

First-Class Goods, All Perfect in Every Respect.

10 Quart Dish Pans 25c.

Fry Pans, 10 and 12 inch, 25c.

Preserve Kettles, 4, 5 and 6 quarts, 25c.

Tea and Coffee Pots, 1, 1 1-2 and 2 quarts, 25c

Geo. B. French Co

KITTERY LETTER

Newsy Items From Across The River

HAPPENINGS IN OUR BUSY SISTER TOWN

Various Paragraphs Of Social An Personal Interest

GOSSIP OF A DAY COLLECTED BY OUR CORRESPONDENT

Kittery, June 1.

The recital in Traip Academy Hall last evening by Rev. E. H. Macy was enjoyed by an appreciative audience and was one of the best musical events that it has been our privilege to enjoy in some time. Miss A. Lillian Walker's recitations were also much appreciated.

The program was as follows:

"Tanhauser," grand march, Richard Wagner
"High School Cadets" march, John Philip Sousa
"March Past of the Corcoran Cadets," Sousa
"The Gondoliers".
"Wedding March," Mendelssohn
March from "Lohengrin," Wagner
Reading, Miss Walker
"Stars and Stripes Forever," march, Sousa
"Up the Street," march, Robert G. Morse
"King Cotton," march, Sousa
"Charge of the Uhlans," Carl Bohn
"Alla Marcia," Nicolai von Wilm
Danse Ecossaise, Fred T. Baker
"World's Fair," march, Frank Herbert Major
Reading, Miss Walker
"Odd Fellows' Grand March," Isaac Doles
Leo March, William F. Wellman, Jr.
"Darktown," Will Marion
"El Capitan," march, Sousa
"Beau Ideal" march, Sousa
"The Defender" march, Bart E. Grady

The Summer schedule of mails went into effect this morning, to continue until the first of October. Mails arrive here at 7.35 and 11.05 a. m., and 2.05 and 6.35 p. m. and close at 6.50 and 10.20 a. m. and 1.50 and 5.50 p. m.

The Fenway Manufacturing Company has been organized here to deal in machinery; capital stock, $100,000, nothing paid in, par value, $1; president, Harold P. Knowlton, Malden, Mass.; treasurer, O. Sumner Paul, Kittery; directors, the foregoing, Charles C. Smith, Boston, Albert E. Knowlton, Boston, and Joseph W. Hawes, Kittery.

The Ximo Mining Company has been organized here to conduct a general mining business; capital stock $100,000, nothing paid in, par value $1; president, Harold P. Knowlton Malden; treasurer, Joseph W. Hawes, Kittery; directors, Perley D. Smith, Lawrence, Mass.; Albert E. Knowlton, Charles C. Smith, Boston; O. Sumner Paul and Albert H. Peavey, Kittery.

Mrs. Belle G. Gage of New Castle was a visitor in town on Friday.

An extra car has been added to trains on the York Harbor and Beach road, which is an encouraging sign of Summer.

Coal arrivals at this port in May amounted to 35,000 tons.

The Spruce Creek railroad bridge was set afire on Thursday by sparks from a passing engine and had the fire been discovered twenty minutes later the whole structure would have been destroyed. As it was, the bridge burned considerably before it was extinguished by section hands, but it is still crossed safely by trains. The land is so dry on account of the prolonged dry spell that fires are very frequent and one day this week nine fires were set along the line of the York Harbor and Beach road by passing trains.

Capt. William G. Shackford of South Orange, N. J., is at his cottage at The Intervene for a few days.

The Kittery baseball team will play the marines on the navy yard at three o'clock this afternoon.

The two beautiful children of Mr. and Mrs. Edward E. Sterling were the guests of Master L. Hurley Cloutman, in honor of his first birthday on Friday. About fifty children were at the table, which was most attractive. Mrs. Edward Sterling and her daughters, Sylvia and Hazel, are passing a week at Conway, N. H., and Wolfeboro.

Wesley Grogan of Quincy, Mass., passed the holiday in town with his parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Seawards and son Russell are the guests of relatives in town.

Mrs. Josiah Keene of Malden, Mass., is a visitor in town.

Mrs. Myra Hutchins of Boston is the guest of Mrs. Samuel Keene.

Dr. Keen and Ralph Clark are enjoying a gunning trip.

Miss M. C. Brooks passed Friday in Newburyport, Mass.

Miss Ethel Piper will pass Sunday at her home in Roxbury, Mass.

This weather will bring out the Summer cars and travel will be doubled on the Atlantic Shore line. A ride over this line is so pleasant that it is hard to resist the temptation on a fair day.

At the Second Christian Church, Rev. Edward Hallett Macy, pastor, on Sunday, the subject of the morning sermon at 10.30 will be, "Some Anchors"; Bible school, Baraca and Philathea classes at 11.50; Junior Christian Endeavor at four; Senior Christian Endeavor at six; at seven, the subject of the sermon will be "The Divinity of Christ." All are cordially invited to all services.

Services at the Second Methodist Church tomorrow will be in their usual order; preaching at 10.30 by the pastor, Rev. Daniel Onstott, subject, "The Attractive Power of the Cross"; Sunday school at twelve; Epworth League at six; at seven a praise service, followed by a short sermon by the pastor, "The Hidden Treasure and the Pearl of Great Price"; communion service in the morning.

Kittery Point

Hotel Pakfield will open on June 8.

A skating rink under the management of Boston parties will be opened at Frisbee's Hall this evening.

Repairs are being made to the roadway of the Atlantic Shore line at Bravéboat Harbor and Sewall's bridge.

Col. H. B. Scott's sloop yacht Seguin and D. Pearce Penhallow's sloop yacht You and I have been put in commission.

Extensive repairs are being made to the town road near Cutt's Island bridge.

Sloop Columbia, Capt. Harry Handoff, is at Wasson's wharf for her annual Spring overhauling.

Miss Cora Blood has returned from a visit to Boston.

Miss Sadie Seaward is visiting relatives in Fall River, Mass.

Mrs. Frank C. Frisbee is ill with tonsilitis.

Hon. Horace Mitchell passed Friday in Boston on business.

Fred Dorr is breaking in on the Atlantic Shore line as motorman.

Roecoe Anderson of Boston is passing a few days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Anderson of Crockett's Neck.

Walter Patch of Boston has been passing a few days with his mother, Mrs. Jane Patch.

Ralph E. Gunnison passed Thursday with friends in South Berwick.

Miss Alice Preston, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel W. Frisbee, has returned to her home in Dover.

Miss Mabel Simpson of Newfields, N. H., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Frisbee.

Miss Elizabeth Preston has arrived from boarding school in New York to pass the Summer with her mother, Mrs. Andrew P. Preston, at their cottage here.

Oliver L. Frisbee of Portsmouth is passing a few days at his cottage, The Anchorage, on Fishing Island.

Albert Billings's new gasoline launch Hope was taken from Phillips' workshop Friday evening and placed on the beach. She will be put in commission tonight.

THE WEATHER FOR TOMORROW

(Special to The Herald)

Washington, June 1—Showers are indicated for Sunday, with east to south winds.

For local news read The Herald.

AN EDICT ISSUED

By the American Federation of Labor

SEVERING RELATIONS WITH BREWERY WORKMEN

News of the Action Is Received With Great Interest Here

BREWERY UNIONS WILL HAVE A LABEL OF THEIR OWN

Associated press dispatches published today (Saturday), announcing the expulsion of the Brewery Workers' Union from the American Federation of Labor were read with keen interest in this city.

The action of the Federation of Labor was due to a dispute regarding the inclusion in the Brewery Workers' Union of engineers and teamsters employed at brewing plants. It is the policy of the labor federation to have workmen of all classes affiliated with the unions of their craft and it has always opposed the classing of engineers and teamsters as brewery workers simply because they happened to be employed by brewing companies. The Brewery Workers' Union, on the other hand, has been equally insistent upon its own policy of controlling all men working in or about breweries.

At the last convention of the American Federation of Labor the Brewery Workers' Union was given the choice of receding from its position or giving up its membership in the federation. Votes on the proposition were taken by the brewery unions and the dispatches state that ninety-eight percent. of the membership voted not to accept the federation terms. In consequence, the federation has severed all relations with the Brewery Workers' Union.

The time given the brewery workers to comply with the federation demands expired today.

The brewery workers say that they will continue their organization and will adopt a union label of their own. They cite the Bricklayers' Union as an instance of a labor organization not affiliated with the American Federation and believe that they are as well able to handle their own affairs as the bricklayers.

THE IDLE OBSERVER

One of the best moves ever made in this city, to my mind, was the establishment of a street sprinkling district. That the residents of the district think so, too, was proven by the very small negative vote last Wednesday on the proposition to appropriate money for the sprinkling of the streets. That the dust on the principal streets, at least, should be laid during the Spring, Summer and early Fall will not be disputed and it is equally true that the expense cannot be borne by the city government. The sprinkling district solves a vexatious problem and practically everybody concerned seems to be pleased.

According to press dispatches, a superintendent of instruction in the West has expressed an unfavorable opinion of the wearing of lurid socks, "loud" neckties and brightly colored shirts by high school boys and the custom of turning up the bottoms of trousers higher than would appear to be necessary even when the streets are muddiest. This particular superintendent is quoted as saying: "I have been wondering whether all this is a necessary adjunct to the curriculum. I sometimes think that a thirst for color in the art department runs to hose instead of canvas. I am of the opinion that in most cases there is a law which governs the length of one's trousers. It may be stated in a general way as the higher the trousers the fewer the brains."

All this is funny and epigrammatic, of course, but it seems to me that the gentleman quoted is a bit harsh. Young America certainly cannot be blamed for a thirst for color. It is time enough to confine oneself to sober blacks and browns and grays when the cares of business have driven the desire for brightness in dress from us. As for the turning up of the trousers, what is the use of wearing gaudy socks if they cannot be displayed?

I feel safe in expressing the opinion that the Robbins circus will prove to be a good one. Mr. Robbins gave a fine tent exhibition in this city two years ago, when his show was smaller than it is now, and he has the reputation of always giving his patrons the worth of their money. While he does not claim a circus as big as those conducted under the Barnum and Bailey and Ringling names, he does promise to deliver the goods and I am confident that he will do it.

The old Robbins circus was famous in its day and there were many who felt regret when Mr. Robbins sold out. It is his ambition now to regain all his old favor with the public and to advance to an even higher position than he held in former days. Reports that come to my desk lead me to believe that he is sure to accomplish his object and it is a certainty that the men of the press everywhere will be gratified to learn of his complete success.

Rear Admiral Caspar F. Goodrich, formerly commandant at Portsmouth navy yard, has become commandant at New York. Admiral Goodrich was a popular officer here and his friends in Portsmouth are confident that he will prove to be one of the best commandants the New York yard has ever had.

It seems to me that it is a mistake on the part of the treasury department to relieve the men of the life-saving service from duty during the months of June and July. Some of the most serious wrecks occur on this coast during those months and the lifesavers are not infrequently more badly needed in Summer than during the Autumn and Winter. The great number of amateur yachtsmen who cruise up and down the coast in Summer make the presence of the coast guardsmen very important and no one realizes this more than the men directly in charge of the work of the lifesaving stations. It is to be fervently hoped that the treasury department officials will themselves very soon come to a realization of it.

There will be very few baseball games in this city this summer. Kittery will provide the baseball amusement for this city.

WOULDN'T YOU?

Wouldn't you like to have us do the hard part of your sewing for you?

See the motor in our window.

ROCKINGHAM COUNTY LIGHT & POWER CO.

IS SIXTY-SEVEN

Catholic Prelate Reaches An Advanced Age

THERE WILL BE NO CELEBRATION OF DAY

Owing To The Serious Illness Of The Loved Priest

SKETCH OF LIFE OF BISHOP JOHN LANCASTER SPAULDING

Peoria, Ill., June 1.—Tomorrow will be the sixty-seventh birthday of one of the most interesting and brilliant members of the Roman Catholic episcopacy in America—John Lancaster Spalding, bishop of Peoria. There will be no celebration of the anniversary, owing to the grave condition of Bishop Spalding's health. Nearly two years ago he suffered a stroke of paralysis from which he has never recovered. Since then he has spent most of the time under treatment in a sanitarium, but there has been little noticeable improvement in his condition and it is feared that the able prelate will never resume his clerical duties.

Bishop Spalding comes of a family that for generations has occupied a high place in Roman Catholic annuals in Europe and America. The first of the family to come to America came over with Lord Baltimore, so that Bishop Spalding can lay pretty good claim to the title of American. His uncle was the celebrated Archbishop Spalding of Baltimore.

John Lancaster Spalding was born in Kentucky and received his first education in that state.

He spent some time at Emmettsburg and subsequently studied for five years at Mount St. Mary's, Cincinnati, which was then under control of the celebrated Bishop Rosecrans. He studied theology in Louvain, where he was ordained in 1863. After his ordination he took a special course of study in the Belgian College at Rome and returned to Louisville in 1865. He was assigned to the cathedral in that city and, in addition to his missionary duties, also acted as secretary to Bishop Lavialle.

He was named by Archbishop Blanchet of Oregon as his theologian at the second plenary council of Baltimore in 1866. He was also made one of the preachers of the council, though he was the youngest theologian in the assemblage. A short time afterward he went to New York, where for a time he was engaged in writing a biography of his uncle, the Archbishop of Baltimore. He was later connected with St. Michael's Church, New York, and it was here that his fame as a preacher was established. It was Father Spalding's custom to preach the Sunday evening sermon, and before he hd done so very often his reputation as a concise and logical speaker, possessed of a fund of fluency, became so well known that it was impossible almost to find standing room at his lectures.

In May, 1877, Father Spalding received a remarkable and unusual honor, being raised from a curator to a bishop and sent to the Peoria diocese which was at that time quite scattered. There were fifty-one churches scattered over the entire territory, three of which were in the little town of Peoria itself. Within the comparatively short space of fifteen years Bishop Spalding has increased the number of churches to 150, with fifty schools and academies, seven hospitals, two orphan asylums, a home for aged people, a college and nearly 200 priests. The diocese today is considered one of the best organized in America.

GOES TO NEW YORK.

Rear Admiral C. F. Goodrich Becomes Commandant There.

Washington, June 1.—Rear Admiral Caspar F. Goodrich has been ordered to assume command of the navy yard at New York today as the relief of Rear Admiral J. B. Coghlan, retired, who has been given indefinite leave of absence.

Admiral Goodrich has been in the navy since 1864 and has seen much important service. He was naval attache on the staff of Gen. Wolseley during the Tel-el-Kebir campaign of 1882; was a member of the Endicott fortifications board in 1885; was subsequently president of the naval war college at Newport; had command of the cruiser Newark during the war with Spain, and more recently commanded the Pacific fleet.

CAUSE AND CURE OF APPENDICITIS

THE SIMPLE REMEDY THAT EFFECTS THE CURE

Professor Blanchard of the French Academy of Medicine has spent a great amount of time studying that dread disease—**Appendicitis.** In company with Professor Metchnikoff, he has carefully examined numerous cases, and both have reached the conclusion that the cure is not the knife. In more than forty cases the symptoms of Appendicitis disappeared after the patients had been treated for worms.

There are, no doubt, many persons suffering from worms who are erroneously attributing their trouble to some other cause. A few doses of Dr. True's Elixir are sufficient in most cases for the complete expulsion of the worms.

The presence of these parasites is easily recognized by the following symptoms:—Indigestion; foul tongue; offensive breath; variable appetite; hard and full belly with occasional gripings and pains about the navel; heavy, dull eyes; itching of the nose; short dry cough; grinding of the teeth; starting during sleep; slow and frequent fever; in children—convulsions and bed wetting.

Dr. True's Elixir will not only expel the worms, but will build up the whole system as well.

DR. TRUE'S ELIXIR THE OLD FAMILY REMEDY

has been in constant use for more than half a century. Even though no worms may be present, Dr. True's Elixir prevents their growth and is an invaluable remedy for the relief of stomach ills. Its marvelous tonic qualities brings back a feeble and impaired digestion; purifies and enriches the blood; quickly regulates a disordered liver.

Dr. True's Elixir is used and endorsed by physicians and hospitals all over the country. Read what Mrs. Joy says of Dr. True's Elixir:—

CENTRE ABINGTON, MASS.

DR. TRUE:—"I wish to inform you of the success I have had in using one bottle of your Elixir. I gave it to my children, and after the third dose one of them passed a long round worm. I also wish to say it is one of the safest and best medicines to have in the house for children. I would not be without it now." Sincerely yours,

Mrs. Henry C. Joy.

Dr. True's Elixir is sold by druggists everywhere at 35c, 50c, and $1.00 a bottle. An interesting and instructive booklet entitled *"Children and Their Diseases"* will be sent free to all who apply for it, by simply addressing **Dr. J. F. True & Co., Auburn, Me.** We have a special treatment for tape-worm. Send for free book.

HINTS FOR THE SICK ROOM.

Little Attentions Which Help the Nurse and Her Patient.

Spring is a most trying season for the invalid who must be confined when all nature and humanity seem to be springing into new life outdoors. Little attentions and comforts are more than ordinarily welcome just now in the sick room.

If the patient is beginning to sit propped up in bed do not depend upon pillows. Make a good home-built imitation of the supports used in hospitals. Select about six strong two-inch boards and set them into a frame big enough to tilt at an angle of 45 degrees or more from the top of the head of the bed to the mattress. Paint this rack white to match the iron bed and fasten it to the top iron rod with stout tape or canvas bands. Lay one or two pillows against this and you will find the invalid rests more comfortably than against a nest of pillows.

If the patient complains that the room smells close, and yet you know that it is properly ventilated, try burning this new form of sick room incense: Soak a sheet of brown paper in saltpeter, allow it to dry, powder it thickly with dried lavender leaves. Lay this in a deep pan and burn it.

If the patient can sit up in bed for brief periods of relaxation at once provide a bed table. If you have an old sewing table with legs that fold you can brace this on either side with pillows or cushions and the legs folded under, or, better still, cut off the legs until they are only about six or eight inches long and place this queer table over the patient's knees. On it can be arranged games, writing materials or for a child, toys.

If the patient is fond of flowers and the rest of cut blooms is beyond the family purse, this is just the season when ferns and wild flowers can be used to advantage. Set a deep, cracked dish in the bottom of a fancy basket with or without handles, fill it with dirt and moss and transplant woodland treasures to the sick room. They will not live many days, but they will give the patient much pleasure and the care of them, watering and cutting off dead leaves, furnishes distraction.

Life in Capital is Costly.

Senators and members of congress are rebelling against the cost of living in Washington. Elaborate entertaining was inaugurated during the Cleveland administration and the power of millions was felt and set the pace. Thirty thousand dollars a year is considered a very moderate outlay for the maintenance of a family of high-flyers in the national capital.—El Paso (Tex.) Herald.

Bridal Couples Scarce.

The hotel people say there are not so many bridal couples in Washington as in previous years. They give no reason for the change.

Senate Sportsmen.

W. P. Frye is the best fisherman in the United States senate. P. C. Knox is the best golf playing senator.

TO TEMPT INVALID

SOME DAINTY DISHES FOR A WEAK APPETITE.

Arrowroot Water Jelly Properly Made Is Delicious—Old-Fashioned Panada a Favorite with the Children—Chicken Jelly.

Arrowroot Water Jelly.—Imprimis.—Do not let yourself be deluded into buying any but the best Bermuda arrowroot. I get mine from a responsible druggist, and in small packages. Keep it in a dry place. Stir two tablespoonfuls into two tablespoonfuls of cold water until it is smooth. Have ready over the fire a cupful of boiling water in which you have dissolved two teaspoonfuls of white sugar and a pinch of salt. Add the dissolved arrowroot and continue to stir until it is clear, keeping the water at a boil all the time. Add a teaspoonful of strained lemon juice and take directly from the fire. Turn into small molds wet with cold water, and when cold, set on ice. To prepare for eating, empty mold upon a saucer; strew with fine sugar and drench with cream. Should the invalid like the flavor of rosewater, season delicately with it. If wine be allowed by the physician, you may substitute a small glass of it for the rosewater. In this case, heap the teaspoon with dry arrowroot, in measuring, as the liquid will make the jelly less consistent. Both of these preparations are delicious and nourishing.

Arrowroot Custard.—This is a heavier preparation than the jelly and blanc mange, but nourishing and palatable. Wet three tablespoonfuls of arrowroot with four of cold milk, and stir smooth. Heat a pint of milk to scalding, adding a pinch of soda; stir in the arrowroot and cook three minutes after the boil begins anew. Turn into a bowl. Beat in an egg which has been whipped light with two tablespoonfuls of white sugar. Set the bowl in a saucepan of boiling water, put back on the fire and stir for two minutes after the water in the saucepan begins to boil again. Form in small molds. Serve alone, or with cream, as desired. Forbear to make any of these light foods too sweet or the patient will take a dislike to them.

Old-Fashioned Panada.—Get six of the square, old-fashioned Boston crackers our babies used to cut their teeth upon. Split them and lay in a deep bowl, sprinkling salt scantily and sugar rather bountifully among the layers. Cover with water that is freshly boiled. Our mothers and nurses laid stress upon this last condition. The water must cover the crackers two inches deep. Fit a close cover on the bowl and set in a saucepan of boiling water on the range. At the end of an hour you should have a bowlful of a jelled cereal. It should be eaten from the bowl with more sugar and a very little mace or nutmeg dusted over the panada. Convalescent children are usually very fond of this dish, if it is properly made. It is very good for mothers of babies under a month old. They generally like it, too. Always provided it is panada, and not mush. Not a cracker should be disintegrated.

Chicken Jelly.—Clean a tender chicken, wash well and split down the back as for boiling. Set one-half away to be boiled another day. Pound the other half with a wooden mallet, cracking every bone and reducing the flesh to a paste. Put into a saucepan with a close cover and cover with a quart of cold water for two pounds of the chicken. Set where it will not come to the boil in less than an hour. Then let it simmer—never actually boiling—for three hours more. It must be so closely covered that the steam will not escape. Do not uncover until it has been off the fire so long as to be quite cold. Then strain, pressing hard, through a cheesecloth bag, getting out every drop of nourishment. Season the liquid to taste, return to the fire, bring to a quick boil to throw up the scum and drop in the white of a raw egg. Boil one minute, strain again and set away to cool. Then leave in ice until you are ready to serve. Eaten with unleavened wafers or with thin bread and butter it is very good and full of nourishment.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER.

A good dish-cloth is made of several thicknesses of cheese cloth neatly finished.

A good dessert for luncheon is warm gingerbread served with whipped cream. Cut the gingerbread in generous pieces and put a spoonful of the whipped cream on each piece served on a fancy plate.

A pretty way to serve fresh fruit for dessert is to cut fine oranges, bananas and grapes, sweeten and serve in half a banana skin. The large red bananas make the best "fruit-boats."

Keep the following articles in the kitchen, either hung on the wall or on a low shelf: Clock, scissors, needle-book with large needles for trussing, small for making bags, etc., ball of white cotton yarn, string-ball and string-bag, pin cushion.

Pleasant Perfume.

A pleasant perfume for clothes is made by mixing one ounce each of cloves, caraway seed, nutmeg, cinnamon, and Tonquin beans, ground or beaten to a powder. Put this mixture in a number of little bags, and place them among the woolen clothes that are put away for the summer. It is said to be an excellent moth-preventive also.

HEN'S NEST FOR BREAKFAST.

Mixture of Hard-Boiled Eggs That Is Not Indigestible.

Six hard-boiled eggs that have been thrown into ice-cold water as soon as they were boiled, to make the shells slip off easily. Five minutes later roll each gently on the table, cracking the shell without breaking the egg. Peel off the shells; cut the eggs in half with a sharp knife; take out the yolks, rub to a powder and mix with the same quantity of cold chicken or of ham, minced. Make a soft paste by working into the mixture some good gravy; season to taste, and form into balls of the same size and shape as the original yolks. Pack into the whites, to resemble whole eggs. Arrange these in the middle of a hot platter; surround with fried potatoes, cut into strips to simulate straw; set the dish in the oven, covered, just long enough to heat the eggs to the heart, and serve; or, you may make the paste softer with gravy and heat it to a boil in a saucepan before filling the hollowed whites. It will then take less time to reheat in the oven. In either case potatoes and gravy must be hot. Pass more gravy with the dish.

A Duck's Nest.

Boil, chill and halve the eggs. Set the yolks in a bowl, and the bowl, covered, in boiling water at the side of the range. With a thin, keen blade shred the whites into imitation straw, and arrange them in the shape of a nest on a hot platter. Season with salt and white pepper, butter abundantly, cover and set in the oven. Now and then butter again, lest they dry and shrivel.

Work the pounded yolks into a paste with an equal quantity of minced cold duck (or turkey). Moisten well with butter and bind with a beaten raw egg. Make into oval balls to imitate eggs; arrange within the fence of shredded whites; pour over all a cupful of rich drawn butter, and set, covered, in the oven for ten minutes to heat.

Pair of Banana Dishes.

Banana Pie.—Line a pie plate with rich crust and then place a layer of rich smooth apple sauce on the bottom; over this place a layer of thinly sliced bananas, sprinkle with lemon juice and powdered sugar; place over all a thin layer of puff paste and bake.

Baked Bananas.—The bananas are cut into quarters and arranged in an agate baking dish; a mixture is then prepared of one-third cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice. Half of this is poured over the bananas, which are then set in the oven to bake for 20 minutes; while baking the fruit should be frequently basted with the rest of the sauce, and when done they are truly delicious, and may be served at almost any meal, hot or cold.

To Take Impressions of Leaves.

This is a most fascinating occupation, although at this time of year there is not a very wide field for such pastime. Procure some lamp-black and linseed oil at any colorman's, and mix the two together until of a greasy consistency.

Now make a small pad with a piece of chamois leather, dip it into the mixture and apply it very lightly to the under part of the leaf; take great care not to apply it too thickly, and rub off any superfluous black. Place the leaf so treated between two sheets of white paper, and lay another over all and rub firmly, being careful not to shift the paper. If the impression is a trifle blurred, repeat on clean paper and a clear impression will be the result.

A New Entree.

An entree new to some of the guests at a recent luncheon was green peppers stuffed with creamed chicken with which a little parmesan cheese had been mixed. The tops were covered with buttered crumbs, and they were baked for about half an hour. In baking any such preparation, the dish containing it should be covered, excepting for the last few minutes that it is in the oven, when the top should be allowed to brown.

For Summer Comfort.

Nothing wears and stands frequent washing and hard usage in summer pillow covers for hammocks, living rooms and verandas like natural colored linen.

For hard-wear summer hangings cream-colored seersucker finished with cotton fringe is ideal, for it issues from the laundry numberless times without a sign of wear, and it is always clean and cool-looking.

Burning Old Papers.

It is often difficult to dispose of old papers, for, if burned, they are apt to be carried blazing up the chimney and set it alight. To destroy them without danger, roll the papers up tightly, wind them round with wire, and then place them lengthways in the grate. Thus they will consume slowly, like a log, and perfectly safely. The same wire will do duty again and again.

Tea Leaves Kill Roaches.

Try wet tea leaves as a means of destroying cockroaches. Just squeeze the leaves with the hands and lay on sheets of paper near the hearth, when shutting up for the night. The cockroaches go to the leaves and the tannin kills them.

For Ease in Walking.

New walking shoes often blister the heels of their wearer by slipping a little with the movement of the foot. To prevent this, rub the inside of the shoes at the heel with soap just before putting them on.

NEW VOGUE IN BRAIDS.

Even Thin Fabrics Do Not Escape Fashionable Trimming.

More beautiful effects are wrought in braids than ever were thought of before this season, and though it may seem like an old, old story to talk of these trimmings, the couturieres are constantly using them in new designs. The latest wrinkle for the ever popular soutache is to sew it edge-on, not flat, by which means greater relief is given to the pattern. Thin satins and mousselines, which have to a certain extent escaped braided embellishments heretofore, are now lavishly adorned with soutache, radium and other smart braids, which serve to reproduce the most handsome and complicated patterns and threaten to take the place of embroideries in some instances.

Simulating stripes are cross-barred effects on plain fabrics, the new braidings are very smart, although it takes an endless amount of material for this purpose. Additional effect is also given to goods striped broad by sewing soutache along the edge of such strips. Considering all this without what may be hereafter devised, the demand for soutache is likely to continue through to fall, if not for another whole year or so.

We might be threatened with "yellow peril" in the world of dress if fashion had not given first place to brown, for it is not easy to recall a year when so many lemon shades have been handed down to us—no slang intended. For thin summer frocks, moutarde and lemon-tinted mousselines, muslins, batistes are displayed in bewildering variety, and they are unusually pretty trimmed with fine silk soutache braid, which is frequently combined with a delicate bit of embroidery carried out with chine or very narrow satin ribbon. For summer gowns, cable shirrings of satin are also much used, and the heavier the cords the more effective.

GOOD TO KNOW.

Ombre stands for shaded effects.

Marquisette is woven like a very fine granadine.

Mexicana is a sheer barred muslin with printed floral designs.

Organdie carreau is plaided with slightly raised lines.

Epingline is a chiffon cotton fabric in cotton weave.

Spider silk is a silk and cotton fabric in a loose poplin weave, printed in floral designs.

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AGENT FOR PORTSMOUTH

DOG BELIEVED IT WAS A LITTLE BOY

REMARKABLE FOX TERRIER CHEWED GUM AND HAD OTHER HUMAN HABITS.

BECAME ILL LIKE CHILDREN

Jealous of Strange Babies, But Not His "Brother"—Ate, Slept and Bathed Like a Child—His Untimely Death.

Omaha, Neb.—A crushed jeweled dog collar with a white bow is all that remains of the Omaha dog that thought itself a little boy. Like many another "child" it has paid the penalty of heedlessness and met death beneath an electric car. But the memory that it leaves long will survive, and the story of its brief life will be used as another argument for the theory of transmigration.

Whether or not Teddy was a reincarnation was a matter of doubt, only with others. It had no uncertainty about it. It was firmly convinced that it was a human, subject to the appetites and errors of a human and altogether in the same case as its child associates.

It was a small fox terrier of unimpeachable lineage and perfect markings, the property of Mrs. Gertrude Broadhurst. It had been reared in the family from the moment of its earliest puppyhood, and behaved in every respect just as the two children did. Whatever they ate it ate, and it would carry the meal round in its mouth until they sat down, when it would sit between them and eat with them.

It scorned raw meat and would have nothing to do with cooked meat from the table unless it was properly cut into tiny bits for a little boy's mouth, and when this was not complied with it barked its remonstrance.

Teddy was susceptible to the same ills as the children. It took cold in its throat when it played too long in the sharp air. Then it would gravely present itself to its mistress to be doctored. When she brought out the turpentine and lard and rubbed the throat it was satisfied, but would not move till a rag was tied around it.

One of its most amusing human habits was the chewing of gum. Whenever the children started for their pieces, stuck high out of his reach, the doggie would rush under the table where its own private hoard was concealed behind one of the legs and its jaws would move with rhythmical joy for an hour afterward.

Whenever the children bathed Teddy sat by the tub until they were through, when it would get in and have its bath. It would then drag at the baby's high chair and make it understood that it desired to have it put behind the stove. When this was accomplished it mounted and lay there until it was entirely dry.

Teddy was devoted to Mrs. Broadhurst. When she was ill at the hospital for two weeks it almost starved itself to death.

Teddy Had to Be Nursed Like a Sick Child.

The telephone was no novelty to the little dog. It understood what was going on and was quick to recognize Mr. Broadhurst's voice across the wire. Its association with its own kind was only out of doors. It might play with them in the yard, but it never permitted another dog to cross the threshold.

In the house Teddy was distinctly a child. If Mrs. Broadhurst petted a strange baby Teddy would go into another room and refuse to come out till the baby left the house, though it showed no jealousy of its own "brothers and sisters." It played hide and seek with them and invariably took its nap with them in the afternoon.

When Teddy was punished Mrs. Broadhurst sent the dog to bed as she did her little ones. Teddy would remain about half an hour, then come creeping out, almost on tiptoe and lie on her gown. If its mistress spoke sharply it would rush back to bed, but if the greeting was kindly it would overjoyed, saying in its looks as plainly as words, "I will be a good boy, now."

Large sums had been offered the family from time to time for the dog, but they had refused any figure for Teddy and were inconsolable at his loss.

WOMAN PUNISHED FOR PRACTICING BLACK ART

OLD MASSACHUSETTS SALEM DAYS ARE RECALLED IN A MINNESOTA COURT.

St. Peter, Minn.—Salem days and old world superstitions were brought to mind in a vivid manner by the testimony that was offered in a justice court here the other afternoon. An assault case was being tried and the defendant was Miss Ellen Peterson, an 18-year-old girl living in Lake Prairie township. She declares that witchcraft exists right in Nicollet county, and because she punished the woman she thinks is practising the black art upon her she is serving a term in the county jail.

Miss Peterson regards Mrs. Martha Norlin, a neighbor, as her evil genius. After the preliminary questions, all of which were answered intelligently, Miss Peterson made a flat assertion that Mrs. Norlin had bewitched the entire Peterson household. She told how the evil influence of Mrs. Norlin had caused cows to go dry, prevented cream from ripening, caused poultry

She Saw the "Witch" Astride the Broom.

to die, and had precipitated various other calamities. The officers of the court could see nothing supernatural in these events, but Miss Peterson declared that she had always been able to detect in them the handiwork of Mrs. Norlin, and she hinted that, one murky night, she had caught a glimpse of the sorceress in eerie flight astride a broom.

One afternoon recently the bars in the Peterson pasture unaccountably came down and several horses went astray. They were not found for several hours and the incident was immediately recognized as another "spell" laid upon them by Mrs. Norlin. While the search for the horses was in progress the suspected authoress of all their annoyances drove past the farm and Miss Peterson and a married sister ran out to intercept her. Stopping her team they pulled her to the ground and pummeled her unmercifully and later she swore out a warrant charging the Peterson girl with committing an assault.

On the strength of the girl's story a Salem judge would have sent Mrs. Norlin to the stocks and possibly to the stake, but for some reason it failed to impress the St. Peter magistrate, and when Miss Peterson admitted using force he laconically remarked: "Sixteen dollars or 16 days." The defendant chose imprisonment.

The case is one of the strangest ever known in Nicollet county, and the antipathy exhibited by the Peterson family has thoroughly frightened Mrs. Norlin.

IMPRISONED BY DEAD BEAR.

Hunter Trapped in Cave by Carcass of Slain Bruin.

Portland, Ore.—Trapped in a bear's den for four days by the body of the animal he had shot was the strange experience of Lee Fleshman, of Promise, Wallowa county, Ore.

In company with two friends, Fleshman went on a hunting trip to the head waters of Mud creek. His companions returned home later, saying Fleshman had preceded them three days. He had not reached home, and a search party was organized.

Tracks were found showing that the missing man had trailed a bear, and after a time the party came to a cave and espied a bear lying against the mouth of the den. Two shots were fired at the animal, when a shout from within told them the bear had already been killed.

Fleshman had tracked the bear to its lair and entered to shoot it, when Bruin made a dash to escape and ran over the hunter. He killed the bear before it reached the opening, and the carcass filled the narrow passage in such a manner that Fleshman was unable to move it.

He had spent four days in the den and was nearly famished.

Arm Breaks; Defers Spanking.

Almont, Mich.—"It hurts me more than it does you to do this," said Mrs. William Manning the other day as she was preparing to administer punishment in the customary manner to her offspring, Harold, aged 12, who had misbehaved. Harold didn't reply in the language of the aged joke. He wriggled away just as mamma's hand fell quickly and firmly. But it was really mamma who was hurt, for her arm was broken between the wrist and elbow. Some one else will punish Harold hereafter.

ESCAPED CONVICT MODERN VALJEAN

MAN ARRESTED FOR OLD CRIME AFTER LIVING AS RESPECTED CITIZEN FOR YEARS.

POST OFFICE ROBBERY CHARGE

Strange Romance Crowded Into Twelve Years of Wm. January's Life—Succeeds in Business and Wins Wife.

Kansas City, Mo.—To serve three years in prison, to escape, to start life afresh, to marry and have a happy home, to build up a prosperous business, then to be discovered, rearrested, and taken back to prison—all this has been crowded into the life of William January, a truly modern Jean Valjean, in the last 12 years.

The Missouri house of representatives and thousands of persons have petitioned President Roosevelt to pardon January, better known as C. W. Anderson.

Twelve years ago a post office in a small town in Oklahoma was robbed. A man known by the name of William January had been seen about the place the same night. He was arrested, charged with the crime, and convicted.

January was sentenced to five years in the federal penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kan. For three years January, who was only 22 years old, was a model prisoner, and the sentence was commuted for good behavior from five years to three years and eight months. Then with only eight more months to serve January escaped.

The next day Charles W. Anderson made his appearance in this city looking for work. He found a position in a restaurant. None of the employes was more zealous than Anderson.

For years he struggled, leading an upright life and saving a little money. He was married six years ago and was devoted to his wife. To her his life had always been exemplary. She knew nothing wrong. Then a baby came.

As the little girl grew up Anderson worked all the harder and saved more money. Finally he got enough money to start a restaurant of his own. He insisted that his employes be straightforward and honest in every way.

Another year had passed with the same happiness in the little home. Business was good at the restaurant. Then a few weeks ago Anderson decided to sell the restaurant and go into some other business.

One afternoon recently he started to look for another place of business. He was walking on Southwest boulevard, near Summit street, when two men accosted him.

"January, we want you!" they said.

The men were city detectives. January received the blow calmly.

"I will go with you," he said simply, and he walked between the two detectives to a street car. He was taken

January Was Taken Back to Prison.

to the police station, where he sent for his wife and little girl.

When his wife came he told her the story, and both wept over the recital.

"There was no need for him to ask forgiveness. The wife had given it before he had finished his story. Then she was sent to her home to spend a wakeful night until she could see her husband again.

She was at police headquarters early next morning when the record clerk at the federal penitentiary, who had come for Anderson, or January, took the unfortunate man to the matron's room. When her husband came out, pale from a sleepless night of worry, she placed her arms about his neck and kissed him fondly.

"Be brave, Charles," she sobbed, "and remember there is a wife and a little girl who will always believe in you. We will wait and watch for the time when you will be released. Then we will be happy again."

The handcuffs were fastened on the man's wrists. There was a good-bye kiss to the little wife and baby, a farewell, and Anderson started on his way to prison again.

Deduction.

Bobby—Mrs. Bjones had a friend who died and went to the bad place.

Mamma — Why, Bobby! What makes you say such awful things?

Bobby—Well, she told me she had a warm friend who was dead.

HOW IT FEELS TO GO TO BED WITH A RATTLER

HAIR RAISING EXPERIENCE WITH A REAL LIVE REPTILE IN ARIZONA.

Indianapolis, Ind.—A Timberlake druggist of this city was one day recently rehearsing the incidents of the day with a group of friends. The talk had drifted to "skeery" things and each one had related some thrilling experience of his past life.

"Umph! You fellows think that you have had narrow escapes, but they are not one, two, three with one that I had several years ago in Arizona," began Mr. Timberlake. "Did any of you ever go to bed with a rattlesnake? Well, I did once, and I want to tell you that the memory of that event haunts me to this day.

"A party from Indianapolis, among them being myself, had gone down into Arizona to boom land interests. We had a scheme to irrigate some of that God forsaken territory and figured that we were going to get independently rich.

"We got out into the open country where the cactus and the chaparral

I Clutched the Snake by the Throat.

grow like weeds. The latter of these growths has thorns on it about the size of those on a thorn tree, sharp as needles and distributed over the plant about as numerously as hair on a cat. Occasionally we would come to an open stretch and would be able to crawl under the chaparral, which interlaced at varying heights and formed a kind of canopy where the ground had failed to produce.

"To get under the branches one was compelled to get down on his hands and knees. This done, by worming along on the ground he would be able to cross to another open place. It came my turn to do this stunt, and I was at that time a considerable distance from the rest of the boys.

"I got down on my stomach and began to work myself along. At first the light was broken to such an extent that I could not see well, but all of a sudden I beheld, not four feet from me, a giant rattlesnake. He was all coiled up, but apparently was not alarmed, and was sleeping as they frequently do in that country during the day time.

"My first impulse was to keep on going and take a chance in being able to pass him, but presently I was horrified to observe his head rise up several inches and begin to swing around in my direction as though seeking me.

"I tried to back, but a thorn found its way into my body, and then another, followed by a third, so desperate with pain I decided that there was only one course, and that was to go ahead. With an inward prayer I crept closer to the reptile. Shutting my eyes I made a dive for his throat and caught him by the neck and close to the head.

"Nothing in the world would have made me loosen my grip on that slimy, squirming thing. I yelled for help with all my might, and between my own efforts and those of the snake, who battled strenuously for his life, whipping me in the face with his rattlers, I was rolled over and over in the chaparral.

When help arrived I had killed the snake, but my clothes were almost scratched from my body, and I was punctured and bleeding from the thorns in two or three score places."

IS AT HIS OWN FUNERAL.

Man Surprises Mourners by Walking Into Doleful Assemblage.

Meeteetse, Wyo.—James F. Willis, a Wyoming sheep herder, recently attended his own funeral. A body positively identified as that of Willis was found on the range south of here and taken to the home of a rancher near by. It was supposed that the man had been taken suddenly ill when alone on the range and had died a week or more before the body was discovered.

Arrangements for the funeral were made and a number of persons were assembled at the home of the rancher when the door opened and Willis walked in.

He learned by chance, he said, that a body supposed to be his had been found on the range and taken to the rancher's home, and that funeral services were being conducted there. He hastened thither to assure his friends that he was alive and well.

WORKS ALL DAY; READS AT NIGHT

NEW ENGLAND FARMER HAS NOT SLEPT FOR THE PAST THIRTY YEARS.

DOCTORS BAFFLED OVER CASE

Victim of Long Insomnia In Fine Health at Age of 60—Feels Perfectly Refreshed After Hours with Books and Papers.

Great Barrington, Mass.—William Warner, who resides a few miles from this town on the road leading to New Marlboro, in an isolated section of the country, asserts, and his statement has never been controverted, that he has not slept for the past 30 years. He is in remarkable health at the age of 60 years and his case has baffled the local physicians, who are unable to fully account for the long period of insomnia. Mr. Warner extends a standing invitation to any of them to come to his home and spend several days with him for the purpose of studying his case.

He was born in New Marlboro, on the estate now owned by Dr. E. M. Culver, of New York, within a few miles of the place which he now occupies. His father was Earle Warner, who gained quite a reputation as a local astronomer. The boy did not take to the profession followed by his father and preferred to study nature.

He had one romance. It was in his early life. The date of the wedding had been set and all was in readiness for the marriage when one evening the girl left her home and since that time the lover never heard of her whereabouts. For years he lived in hopes that some day she would return to him. He said that for nights he used to sit at the window and watch for the return of his sweetheart. He is still a bachelor.

About 30 years ago Mr. Warner suffered a severe illness and since that time he has not slept. He was in the grove near his home when he was taken ill and was found lying on the ground some hours later in an unconscious condition. He was carried into the house and physicians summoned. For days he remained in an unconscious state. On the return of consciousness the past seemed a blank to him. From that time on Mr. Warner says that he has been unable to sleep.

When seen at his home recently he had just completed a hard day's work and appeared as young and active as a man of 40 years. He is of large stature and stands about six feet in his stockings.

He says that he spends the greater part of the nights reading and in the morning feels as fresh and ready for work as a man who has slept nine hours.

"Yes, I go to bed," said Mr. Warner to an inquiry, "for the purpose of resting my body." Every night about midnight he lies down with his books and papers and continues to read until the dawn appears, and then he eats a light breakfast and in the summer time works in the fields all day tilling the soil.

For Thirty Sleepless Years He Has Communed with the Spirits.

He is a farmer of note and has made a specialty of raising vegetables, which he sells to the city trade.

Within a short distance of his home is a cemetery where his ancestors for several generations have been buried. The headstones can be plainly seen from his window and during the past few years he has become to be a believer in Spiritualism. He claims to have heard his father's voice calling to him several times. In conversing about hypnotism he expressed a dread of being placed under the spell, fearing that he would never wake up. In all matters where sleep is concerned he seems to have a dread.

He is a man who has never tasted intoxicating liquors of any kind and does not even use tobacco in any of its forms. He is a great consumer of tea. For the past 30 years he has drunk about 40 cups every day and buys it by the case. Although living alone, his house is kept in a neat condition and he is a cook of experience. He refers to his trouble as a "scientific manifestation of power," and considers that it is not a remarkable thing for a person to go without sleep.

SENSATIONAL AIR TRIP; PAIR LAND IN A CREEK

TWO AERONAUTS SAIL MILE A MINUTE IN BALLOON BUT MAKE POOR LANDING.

New York.—Nearly 12,000 feet high among the clouds and whirling through the air at times faster than a mile a minute, Alan R. Hawley, of this city, with Arthur Athenholt, a Philadelphian, made a sensational balloon flight the other day.

They started from Philadelphia, intending to make a quick trip to this city. They ran into an easterly current of air which blew with hurricane force after passing New Brunswick, N. J. The velocity of the wind they estimated an 85 miles an hour. They feared that if they remained among the clouds they would be swept far out over the Atlantic ocean, so they decided to cut the journey short.

They traveled many miles, however, before they reached the earth and then they landed in a creek near Matawan, N. J. Both men were bumped and jostled about severely and emerged from the creek very wet, but ex-

They Were Thrown from the Basket.

tremely happy. Their only regret was that records which they had made while the balloon was flying far above the earth at a speed greater than the fastest express train were lost in the creek.

Their flight from start to finish lasted 93 minutes, more than 15 minutes being spent in maneuvering for a landing. In a direct line the landing place was 60 miles from the starting point, but it is estimated they actually traveled about 80 miles, not counting a straight upshoot into the air of a mile at the start and other ascents and descents during the journey.

Speaking of the occurrence, he said:

"When we started we shot straight up for about a mile. At this height one usually experiences an unpleasant buzzing in the ears, but to-day for the first time I did not have the sensation. When we had been in the air about five minutes we got our bearings and started off in a northerly direction. In about 45 minutes we were sailing over Trenton and from there we drifted northeast to New Brunswick, which we reached about 1:50 o'clock.

"The wind at this time became very sharp, blowing about 85 miles an hour. It was driving us toward the coast. We debated whether we should keep at it and run the risk of being blown out to sea or make a descent. We decided on the landing. When we finally hit the ground—and we were some time getting there—we struck about half a mile west of Matawan, N. J. As we were descending a gust of wind upset my calculations and the basket, after bumping us about, dumped us very neatly in the water of a creek. It was a good ride all but the finish."

Frisky Barn Got Up and Ran.

Lexington, Ky.—When freight train No. 73, on the C. & O. railroad was passing Tebbs, 14 miles from this city, the other afternoon, the crew was surprised to see a barn leap from its foundation and start through the field headed at first for the engine. In a moment the immense structure struck the eighth car, tearing off its roof and derailing it.

Engineer Scannon, seeing that the wreck was inevitable, had stopped the train before the barn struck it. The barn was blown from its foundation against the train by a small tornado. No one was injured.

The barn was completely demolished, and the luckless car was about in the same condition. Inhabitants of the neighborhood seized upon portions of the wrecked building and car to be kept as souvenirs.

Bull Rides Red Trolley.

Conshohocken, Pa.—A bull, becoming enraged at the freshly painted red trolley car which runs on the branch between the Ridge and the Germantown pike, from Harmonville to Plymouth Meeting, charged upon the car the other day, and William Diamond, in endeavoring to protect the Schuylkill Valley Traction company's property, nearly paid the penalty with his life.

The bull leaped upon the platform upon which Diamond was standing and knocked the conductor down. Diamond managed to crawl into the car, and the bull, endeavoring to follow, became wedged in the narrow passageway and Diamond escaped. The driver got the animal out with difficulty.

THE STUPIDITY OF MAN.

"Pa," said Mrs. Catesby, "I'm going to invite a lot of company in next Thursday night to celebrate our silver wedding.

"Silver? What are you talkin' about? The silver weddin's when people have been married 25 years, ain't it?"

"Yes. We've never celebrated any of the anniversaries of our wedding, and we may as well begin with this one."

"But, great Scott, ma, we've been married thirt—"

"Now, never mind that, Pa Catesby, we are going to celebrate our silver wedding anniversary next Thursday night.

"But, ma, we can't. You must remember that we've a daughter who's nearly thirt—"

"Oh, get that 'thirt' off your mind. Mabel will be 24 the 16th of next month. My goodness, if you didn't know how to make money. I sometimes believe I just couldn't go on living with you, you're such a simpleton about eevrything else."

"Whew! Well, ma, go ahead with your durn foolishness, but fergit to repeat that old gag about us not bein' able to go to the Philadelphia centennial, because Annie was a baby then."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Red Revenge.

"So you spurn meh!" he cried, in wrathful woe. "But I shall have my revenge!"

"Ha! ha!" laughs the heartless maiden.

"You may laugh now, but wait! In the four years I have known you, you have given me six photographs of yourself. Each one of them I shall have enlarged by the cheap crayon process, and presented to your various friends and relatives!"

Leaving the frightened girl in a swoon, the cruel swain departs with the melodramatic tread of one who will stop at nothing.—Judge.

Moderation.

It was a question of diet.

"Mr. Doddington!" she asked, turning to appeal to the little man who sat drinking with her husband. "Don't you think that a little meat from time to time is really necessary to everyone?"

The little man paused. "In my opinion, Mrs. Golightly," said he, "a little food of any kind now and then does no particular harm."

Cause For Alarm.

"Maria," said Mr. Billiams, "what ails this roast?"

"Never mind the roast, dear," said Mrs. Billiams. "I'm more concerned to know what ails you. This is the first time for 25 years that you haven't been able to tell exactly what ailed the roast and everything else on the table. Aren't you well to-day, John?"—Chicago Tribune.

Interests a Waiter.

"The pleasures of the intellectual are all lost on the uneducated," remarked the philosopher at the banquet. "How, for instance, could that waiter over there be interested in 'evolution?'"

"Easiest thing in the world," said his friend, facetiously; "'evolution' means 'change.'"—Detroit Free Press.

TWO KINDS OF POUNDS.

Mr. Phat—I've gained four pounds since I came here.

Miss Slim—Have you? I've just money enough to last the week.—Scraps.

About the Same Thing.

Little Elmer (who has an inquiring mind)—Papa, what is meant by "honor among thieves"?

Professor Broadhead—Oh, just about the same as "senatorial courtesy," my son.—Puck.

A Wish.

Sons of millionaires remind us
We might tackle one, perchance,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the young man's pants.
—Judge.

Skeptical

"Man wants little here below," quoted Blank.

"I've heard of that man," said Tank, cutting him off. "But did you ever know anybody that has ever seen him?"—Detroit Free Press.

Both Easy.

Miss Youth—It's the easiest thing in the world to flatter a man.

Madam Wise—Yes, and it's about as easy for him to catch on that that's what you're doing, too.—Detroit Free Press.

His Contribution.

Miss Prattles—Do you ever do anything for other people?

Mr. Rattles—Umhuh. I sometimes shut up and give them a chance to talk.—Detroit Free Press.

THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD

(Established Sept. 23, 1884.

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For Portsmouth and Portsmouth's Interests.

SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1907.

PROFESSIONAL ENEMIES

Some of the attacks upon President Roosevelt in the opposition press are so utterly foolish that they can harm only the men who write them and the papers which print them. No one, of course, pretends to say that Mr. Roosevelt never makes mistakes nor that his course is always pleasing even to his friends. The President is but human and we cannot expect him to always do the thing which the event proves should have been done.

Impartial observers, both in this country and abroad, nevertheless, agree that the President is far more often right than wrong. Many times a policy which at first appeared to be a mistaken one proved to be the very best possible under the circumstances. His courage and honesty have been proven so many times that it seems folly to dispute them.

As a matter of fact, few of Mr. Roosevelt's critics now venture to question his right purposes. He has stood out boldly for a square deal so often when they were sure that he would yield to the influences brought to bear upon him, that they no longer care to resort to the methods which have been for many years the most approved ones in political warfare. To speak plainly, Mr. Roosevelt has them on the run.

The natural consequence has been the almost complete demoralization of those men who may be called the professional enemies of the administration, those men who cling to the Democratic name, regardless of what that name stands for. They must criticise and there is so little upon which to base their criticisms that they write columns of incoherent slander, in which the venom may easily be detected, but the exact meaning of which the casual reader has difficulty in figuring out. The truth is that the writers probably do not know exactly what they mean themselves.

It is a gratifying fact that the old time political writer is fast disappearing from the earth. The man who could write only partisan editorials is now allowed a place in the columns of few papers and the number which will admit him grows fewer year by year. His total disappearance might be more or less regretted, because he no longer has power to do harm and he really contributes in some degree to the gayety of nations.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEWS.

How would Rev. William J. Long like to hunt tigers with a camera?

Few men are always right, but we have heard of several who are nearly always wrong.

Nearly every time that the president makes an enemy he adds four or five friends to his list.

Several jiu jitsu reputations would still be negotiable if their possessors had kept away from American athletes.

Whatever criticism may be made of this world, it is the only one that we have yet learned anything about.

Kuroki was impressed by the Harvard "Rah! rah! rah!" It very seldom bothers the Yale athletes, however.

Some of our exchanges think that "banzai" beats "hurrah" as a cheer, but the latter has served us well in the past and we rather think that we'll stick to it.

The young prince of the Astrums does not yet realize how uncomfortable an article of headgear a crown really is.

The young American engaged in an athletic contest doesn't like to lose and somehow we find it hard to condemn him for that.

Members of some of the forefather societies in this country are reminded that the Chinese and Japanese have ancestor worship patented.

OUR EXCHANGGES.

Kindness.

It was only a smile of sympathy
And a word from a friend held dear,
But amid the grief of after life,
It was these that brought great cheer.

—George Warren Parker in Granite Monthly.

Accept Our Sympathy.

The state highway commisson s one of New Hampshre's busest departments these days and miles of macadam will be laid in the state the coming summer. Sorry Rochester will have none of it.—Rochester ourier.

Including the Measles.

Some of the Portsmouth schools have been closed on account of the prevalence of measles. The measly weather we have been having has aggravated about all human ills.—Somersworth Free Press.

Doesn't Like Our Treaty.

The inevitable John Bigelow has produced a volume on the Portsmouth treay and its first year's fruit—a volume which he entitlues "Peace Given as the World Giveth." Its purpose, say his publishers, is "to furnish the evidence that thousands more of lives and millions more of property have been destroyed during the first year of that peace than could have been anticipated had the war continued until now."—Concord Monitor.

With a Bad Market.

Reports from Boise and San Francisco indicate that the jury business is extremely dull.—Manchester Union.

We'd Lose a Holiday, However.

There is much force in the suggestion that Memorial day be changed from May 30 to the last Sundy in May. It could then be observed in its true significance, without the abuses not easily remedied on a secular holiday. —Exeter News-Letter.

Will They Bring Mayflowers?

April showers have just arrived.—Rochester Record.

"HANDKERCHIEF JACK" IN COURT.

Morris Cohen of Boston, "Handkerchief Jack," who has a wide reputation throughout New England, was the defendant in a case which was heard in the superior court before Judge Peaslee in Manchester, Friday afternoon. Israel Resnik, a pawnbroker, was the plaintiff, and he brought suit again Cohen for deceit in the pledging of a ring some months ago. Resnik, according to his own contention, advanced $50 to Cohen for a ring which he says the latter represented as being a diamond, when in fact it was a title "phony." Cohen says that he simply held the ring up to the gaze of the pawnbroker and asked him what he would put forth for a loan on it. He says he made no representations as to its value, and that Resnik made the offer.

Earn More

There is inspiration in good health. With keen appetite, sound digestion, good blood, clear head, strong nerves, you feel that you can attempt and succeed in almost any undertaking.

Keep physically fit and you can do more and earn more.

Beecham's Pills

have special value for busy people. When overwork causes brain-fag, loss of nervous force, impairs the digestion; or when inactive bowels make one feel discouraged and blue—take Beecham's Pills. There is nothing like them to strengthen the digestion, regulate the bowels, remove biliousdisorders, relieve nerve tension, and beget the self-confidence and poise which

Inspire Success

Sold Everywhere. In boxes 10c. and 25c.

ANNUAL BANQUET

Alpha Nu Fraternity At Rockingham Hotel

The anuual banquet of the Alpha Nu Fraternity of Phillips-Exeter Academy, was held on Friday evening at the Rockingham hotel, the banquet being served in the Colonial dining room. It was the last banquet under the management of Mr. Hughes and the dining room was very prettily decorated for the affair, and the menu all that could be desired. There was a good attendance of members, many of the alumni being present from various colleges, and there were several happy reunions.

The menu:

Canape Anton
Chicken Bouillon en Tasse
Queen Olives Salted Nuts
Grilled Sea Bass, Maitre d'Hotel
Cucumbers, Radishes, Potatoes Hollandaise
Lobster a la Newburg
Spring Lamb Chops a la Nelson
Petit Pois
Roast Pekin Duckling, Red Currant Jelly
Delmonico Potatoes, Fresh Asparagus on Toast
Tomatoes Waldorf
Fresh Strawberry Jelly, Whipped Cream
Frozen Pudding Cakes Assorted
Roquet Cheese and Crackers
Cafe Noir

After this had been given proper attention to the following toasts were given:

Remarks by Symposiarch, John Francis Russell.
Alumni, Clarence B. Claflin.
P. E. A., Arthur Meredyth Roberts
The Faculty, Frank William Cushwa.
Alpha Nu, Ralph Coolidge Mulligan.
Fem Sem, Percy D. Hodgkins
Literary Societies, Philip Snedeker.
The Future, Harriet Brigham Chase

PROBATE COURT

The following business was transacted at Tuesday's session of probate court held in Exeter:

Wills Proved—Of Moses J. Eaton, South Hampton, Joseph D. Eaton, executor; Michael Shinnick, Exeter, John N. Thompson, administrator with will annexed, waiting bond; Reuben Haworth, Newfields, Sarah A. Haworth, executrix; Sarah A. Pickering, Portsmouth, Ida E. Anderson, executrix; Dennis Shea, Portsmouth, Daniel W. Shea, Tampa, Fla., executor, with William E. Marvin as his agent.

Will Filed—Of George W. Webber, Portsmouth.

Granted—Dedimus potestatem in estate of William H. H. James, Deerfield:

Administration Granted—In estates of Colburn B. Brackett, Greenland, Abby B. Brackett, administratrix; Maria A. Adams, Portsmouth, Josiah F. Adams, administrator; Emily A. F. Merrill, Boston, Winifred B. Howes, executrix; Patrick Kelley, Exeter, Katherine L. Kelley, administratrix; John D. Knight, Kensington, Claudie D. Knight, administratrix.

Accounts Settled—In estates of George B. Brickett, Auburn; Washington Noyes, Hampstead; Abraham Hooke, Auburn; Lorenzo D. Tuttle, Nottingham; George D. Colburn, Derry; William Ridley, Exeter; George P. Marston, et als. Seabrook; Lucy A. Guptill, Newton; Abbie M. Choate, Derry; Ulysses Grant Pillsbury, Derry; Amos C. Bodwell, Derry; Almena C. Brackett, Newmarket.

Accounts Filed—In estates of Sarh S. Batchelder, Raymond; Norman A. Chase, Derry; James F. Sanborn, Danville; Stephen M. McDuffee, Auburn; Hannah E. Meader, Newmarket; Mary B. Sargent et als., Danville, wards.

Inventories Approved—In estates of Thomas P. Salter, Portsmouth, real property, $7000, personal $257,208.73; George W. Dearborn, Epping; Mehitable J. Bean, Brentwood; Adaline P. Kent, Portsmouth; Lucy M. Rand, Portsmouth; Napoleon B. Bean, Brentwood; Hannah S. Dimond, Danville; Clara B. Kimball, Sandown; James W. Kelsey, Stratham; Laura J. Leeman, Exeter.

Receipts Filed—In estates of William Ridley, Exeter; Edward M. Hilton, Newfields; William H. Noyes, Seabrook; Elias S. Emery, Auburn; Washington Noyes, Hampstead.

License Granted—For sale of real property, estates of Clara B. Kimball, Sandown; Milton T. Crowell et als., Londonderry; George W. Chase, Londonderry, ward; John Philbrook, Seabrook.

Returned—Licenses for sale of real property, estates of Elizabeth S. Clough, East Kingston; Henry W. Norton, Newmarket.

Warrant Issued—To assign real property, estate of Samuel Boyd, Seabrook.

Distribution Decreed—In estate of George D. Colburn, Derry.

Bond Filed—In estate of John M. Tukesbury, Newton.

Record Amended—In estate of Mary E. Odiorne, Rye, to also called Elizabeth M. Odiorne and Mary Odiorne.

Report Accepted—Of commissioner, estate of Elizabeth A. Bailey, Portsmouth.

Report Filed—Of commissioner, estate of Mary S. Russell, Candia.

Commissioner Appointed—Charles W. Garland, Hampstead, estate of Paul Hunt, Kingston.

Trustees Appointed—Daniel W. Shea, Tampa, Fla., estate of Dennis Shea, Portsmouth; Clifford S. Drake, North Hampton, estate of William T. Merrill, Hampton.

Appraisers Appointed—In estates of Sarah F. Shute, Exeter; Annie E. Wilson, Seabrook.

Guardians Appointed—George H. Carter over Gideon Carter, Exeter; Clarence M. Collins over Olive B. Kimball, Sandown; Elijah G. Chase over Guy W. Chase, Londonderry; Carrie F. Trippe, Dansville, N. Y., over Caroline G. Churcher, Portsmouth.

Adoption—Marion Adeline Dearman, Plaistow, by John H. and Mary F. H. Kelley, name changed to Marion Adeline Kelley; Bessie Bailey, also called Edna Bailey, Boston, by George H. and Sarah F. Carter, Newton.

Denied—Petition for adoption of Caroline G. Churcher, Portsmouth.

Probate court will be held next Tuesday n Derry.

BIG FEATURES UNDER STUPENDOUS TENTS

New Arenic, Aerial, Racing and Life-Risking Sensations

If there are any of our readers who have not heard of that prince of arenic managers and good fellows, Frnk A. Robbins, all Greater New York has, and sends him forth to tour the country at large with its best wishes for his success and the strongest words of praise for the great incorporated circus, menagerie and hippodrome organized under his name and run under his personal direction

Frank will again be found to be a past master in the business of making huge holiday crowds wide-eyed with wonder and delight and chock full of thrills and tickles, and such will for one among thousands of times be the verdict here on Tuesday, June 11, when his great trainloads of wild beasts, arenic and aerial artists, hippodrome celebrities and thousand and one performance and pageant features come rolling in upon us—a tidal wave of sensation and superlative fun and recreation.

Most extraordinary is the colossal animal act, introducing at the same time in one arena performing elephants, zebras, camels, water buffalo, llamas, dogs, goats, horses, ponies, dromedaries, monkeys, mules, donkeys, bears, sacred cattle and other highly educated wild and domestic beasts. The new heroic and historic pageant "The Tribunal of Nations," serves to introduce in royal pomp and splendor living counterparts of Napoleon, Frederick the Great, Julius Caesar and other famous rulers of ancient and modern times, in the armor and royal costumes of their day.

"Are you going to the big show?" we heard one substantial citizen ask another. "Am I? Well, I guess yes," was the emphatic reply.

REAL ESTATE CONVEYANCES

Following are the conveyances of real estate in the county of Rockingham for the week ending May 29, as recorded in the realtry of deeds:

East Kingston—Fred V. Parker, Milford, et al. to Fred L. Ring, Haverhill, Mass., land and buildings, $1.

Exeter—Hannah Connor to John Nagle, land and buildings on Hampton Falls road, $3000.

Hampton—Henrietta Gremmels to John H. Davis, land, $1.

Newfields—Catherine Thompson to Maxine Sheltry, land, $1.

Newmarket—Ella G. Durgin, Dover, to Henry B. Paris et als., Haverhill, Moss., land and buildings, $1. Administrator of estate of Henry W. Norton to Adin P. Joy, land and buildings, $1325.

North Hampton—Guardian of Mabel L. Leavitt to David J. Lemarrey, rights in certain land, $23.03.—Guardians of Priclla B. and Daisy Lucky to last grantee, rights in same land, $46.06.—Guardian of Mary Lock to last guarantee, rights in same land. $23.03.

Seabrook—Richard Fowler, Salisbury, Mass., to Jacob T. Brown, land and buildings, $140.

A healthy man is a king in his own right; an unhealthy man is an unhappy slave. Burdock Blood Bitters builds up sound health—keeps you well.

NEWS FOR SPORTLOVERS

Dartmouth lost another game on Friday, being beaten by Amherst one to nothing. Jack Glaze pitched for Dartmouth and did good work, but allowed Amherst to bunch hits in the fifth inning. The game was an errorless, one for both teams.

Seth Hanson's Portland team began well in the Maine State League, winning two games on Memorial day.

The Dartmouth golf team defeated the team of the Beaver Meadow Club of Concord on Memorial day, fifteen to nine.

The defeat of the Harvard rowing crew by Cornell eliminates the Crimson eight as a championship possibility, even if it beats Yale.

Dartmouth men predict that Sid Hazelton will be the best pitcher at Hanover next year.

Pitcher Fred Gibbs, after a New England League trial, has returned to Biddeford.

White, Phillips Exeter's best pitcher, is not the most promising twirler the academy ever turned out. He is wild and has none too much speed.

The New England League race this season is a pretty one.

Exeter and Andover will meet next Saturday at Exeter. Many fans from Portsmouth will see the game.

Brice of St. Anselm's College would, those who have seen his work say, become a famous college pitcher if he were at one of the larger institutions of learning.

There should be plenty of work this Summer for the automobile garages.

H. W. NICKERSON
LICENSED EMBALMER
— AND —
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6 Daniel Street, Portsmouth
Calls by night at residence, 0 Miller avenue, or 11 Gates street, will receive prompt attention.
Telephone at office and residence.

PLUMBING
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Jobbing a Specialty.
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Within Easy Access of Every Point of Interest. Half Block from Wanamaker's. 5 minutes' walk of Shopping District.
NOTED FOR: Excellence of Cuisine, Comfortable Appointments, Courteous Service and Homelike Surroundings.
ROOMS $1.50 PER DAY AND UP
EUROPEAN PLAN.
Table d'Hote Breakfast 50c.
WM. TAYLOR & SON, Inc.
ALSO
HOTEL MARTINIQUE.
Broadway & 33rd Street.

GEORGE A. TRAFTON,
BLACKSMITH
--- AND ---
EXPERT HORSE SHOER.
Stone Tool Work a Specially.
113 MARKET STREET

DECORATIONS
For Weddings and Flowers Furnished For All Occasions
Funeral Designs a Specially.
CAPSTICK,
ROGERS ST.

WANT ADS
Such as for sale, wanted, to let, lost found, etc.
One Cent A Word
For Each Insertion
3 LINES ONE WEEK
40 CENTS.

WANTED.—Job work in house and furniture cleaning, window washing and small job painting. Apply to Jos. S. Harvey, 58 Market St., ch-m28-1w

WANTED—House painters. Long job. Apply to J. E. Hoxie, 58 State street. ch-m24-tf

FOR SALE—A restaurant paying $1500 yearly for $550, less than fixtures cost. Reason for selling, going west. Address, Lock Box 87, Newburyport, Mass. ch-m22-tf

FOR SALE—A dozen second hand doors. Inquire at this office. ch15tf

FOR SALE—Beach lot at Wallis Sands, fronting on beach. Address B. F. D., this office. ch18tf

WANTED—A good, strong boy to learn a good trade. Apply at this office. M23chtf

WHIST SCORE CARDS—For sale at this office

PRINTING—Get estimates from the Chronicle on all kinds of work.

FOR SALE—Electric motors; one 12 horse power, one 3 horse power. Inquire at this office.

PLACARDS—For Sale, To Let, Furnished Rooms, etc., can be had at the Chronicle office.

FOR SALE—Large bank desk, formerly used at Portsmouth Savings Bank. Inquire at this office. ch18tf

TO LET—Steam heated, 6 room flat, with all modern improvements. Apply at Aikon's. M28h1w

FOR SALE—Quantity of iron grating such as is used in banks. Inquire at this office. ch18tf

Fire and Water Proof
REX FLINTKOTE ROOFING
ASK ABOUT IT.
GRAY & PRIME,
agents for Portsmouth and Vicinity,
111 MARKET ST.
June 23.

Fire Insurance
North British and Mercantile Insurance Co.
Of London and Edinburgh. Established 1809.
Life Insurance, Real Estate and Bonds.
Our Motto --- Prompt and Careful Attention.
E. P. STODDARD & CO.

Cemetery Lots
CARED FOR AND TURFING DONE.
With increased facilities, the subscriber is again prepared to take charge of and keep in order such lots in any of the cemeteries of the city as may be intrusted to his care. He will also give careful attention to the turfing and grading of them, also to the cleaning of monuments and headstones, and the removal of bodies. In addition to work at the cemeteries he will do turfing and grading in the city at short notice.
Cemetery lots for sale; also Loam and Turf. Orders left at his residence, corner of Richards Avenue and South Street, or by mail, or with Oliver W. Ham, 31 Market Street, will receive prompt attention.
M. J. GRIFFIN.

PROFESSIONAL CARD
F. S. TOWLE, M. D
Physician and Surgeon
84 STATE ST., PORTSMOUTH, N.
Office Hours—Until 9 a. m.; 1 to 4 and 7 to 9 p. m.

J. W. BARRETT,
Plumbing and Heating.
Telephone Connection.
NO. 17 BOW ST.

George A. Jackson
CARPENTER
AND
BUILDER,
No. 6 Dearborn Street
Jobbing of all kinds promptly attended to.

Boston Tavern.
Handy to Theatres and in the Heart of the Business District.
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PRIVATE DINING ROOMS
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SHINGLES, CLAPBOARDS, PICKETS, ETC.,
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GRAND UNION HOTEL
Opposite Grand Central Station
NEW YORK CITY.
ROOMS $1 a Day and upward
Baggage to and from station Free. Guidebook and map of New York City free on receipt of 2-cent stamp.

LOT OF LAND FOR SALE ON CASS ST.

50 feet front, 1100 feet deep.

C. E. TRAFTON,
Real Estate Agent,
PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

Actual increase 2,458,581 for twelve months ending Dec. 31st. 1906. This is the record of the

7-20-4

10c. Cigar

Thirty-two years New England's Favorite.

R. G. SULLIVAN Mfr.
Manchester, N. H.

S. G.
LONDRES
10 Cent Cigar
Has No Equal.
S. GRYZMISH,
MANUFACTURER

Portsmouth, N. H., Street Sprinkling District.

Proposals for Street Sprinkling.

SEALED proposals will be received by the undersigned at the office of William E. Marvin, 6 Pleasant Street, City, until twelve o'clock noon, June 10th, for sprinkling the streets in said District.

Plans of the District and specifications may be seen upon application to Frank L. Pryor, Clerk, at 18 Market Street, City.

JOHN W. EMERY,
MORRIS C. FOYE,
WILLIAM E. MARVIN,
Commissioners of Portsmouth, N. H., Street Sprinkling District.
June 1, 1907.

COAL AND WOOD

C. E. WALKER & CO.,
Commission Merchants
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Coal and Wood
Office Cor State and Water Sts.

THE NEWS PROGRAM

Various Events On The Program For The Coming Week

Washington, June 1.—The case of Edwin S. Holmes, Jr., ex-assistant statistician of the agricultural department, involving a charge of conspiring to defraud the government by permitting the leakage of cotton crops statistics, is to be called for trial here Monday.

The big Confederate reunion at Richmond will come to a close Monday with the unveiling of a statue of Jefferson Davis, the event to be accompnied by a parade and elaborate exercises.

At a three days' convention of independent telephone companies to begin in Chicago, Tuesday, plans will be developed for uniting seven thousand telephone companies in the United States and Canada into one organization to fight the so-called telephone trust.

The case of Mrs. Emma Kaufman, the wealthy Sioux Falls woman who is charged with the murder of her hired girl, will come up for trial Tuesday at Flandreau, S. D.

At St. Paul, the United States circuit court of appeals will take up the case of the Great Northern road, convicted of rebating.

The Pennsylvania Republican state convention at Harrisburg, Thursday, will be watched with interest as likely to have some bearing on the Presidential contest.

The International horse show, in which a number of Americans are to have a prominent part, will be opened in London, Friday.

WILL WORK MORE HOURS.

Naval Band to Play Several Hours Extra.

Orders were issued on Friday by Rear Admiral Bicknell, U. S. N., commandant at the navy yard, which will mean almost continuous band concerts at the navy yard. The members of the band have been reporting twice a day for an hour's concert each time, but under the new orders they will report at 8.30 and play until 11.30 and at three o'clock and play until six o'clock. On Sunday they will give a concert in the evening from six until seven o'clock.

INSPECTED THE BOULEVARD.

Gov. Floyd and Council Make the Trip in an Automobile.

Gov. Floyd and his council arrived here on the 12.45 train on Friday from Manchester on their annual inspection of the State Ocean boulevard. They at first took lunch and in the afternoon in automobiles made the trip over the completed section for the purpose of seeing what repairs would be needed and if any extensions would be made this year.

NO GAME TODAY.

The P. H. S baseball team will have no game today, as Sanborn Seminary has called the scheduled game off because of injuries. The next game of the High School boys will be with Berwick Academy next Wednesday. The Berwick lads now lead the league but the local boys are confident of pulling them from first place, as they have already beaten Berwick on its own grounds. The game promises to be the hardest fought of the season.

The Great Restorative

Non-Alcoholic TONIC

of the day, made entirely of native medicinal roots and without a drop of alcohol in its composition, is known as

DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

There are no secrets about its composition — all its ingredients being printed on the bottle-wrappers.

The "Golden Medical Discovery" not only builds up the strength of the feeble, debilitated, languid, nervous and easily fatigued, whether young or aged, but it enriches and purifies the blood, thus making the improvement lasting.

It corrects and overcomes indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, torpid liver, chronic diarrhea and kindred derangements of the stomach, liver and bowels.

Bronchial, throat and laryngeal affections, attended with hoarseness, persistent cough, and all manner of catarrhal affections are cured by the "Golden Medical Discovery."

In Chronic Nasal Catarrh, it is well to cleanse the nasal passages out freely with Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy fluid while taking the "Golden Medical Discovery" as a constitutional treatment. Old obstinate cases of catarrh yield to this thorough *course* of treatment.

Through enriching and purifying the blood, the "Discovery" cures scrofulous affections, also blotches, pimples, eruptions, and other ugly affections of the skin. Old, open, running sores, or ulcers, are healed by taking the "Golden Medical Discovery" internally and applying Dr. Pierce's All-Healing Salve as a local dressing. The Salve can be had of druggists, or will be sent by return mail on receipt of 50 cents in stamps. Address Doctor Pierce as below for it.

In short "Golden Medical Discovery" regulates, purifies and invigorates *the whole system* and thus cures a very large range of diseases. The reason *Why* it cures such a varied list of diseases is made clear in a little booklet of extracts from the leading medical authorities, compiled by Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., and which he will be pleased to send post-paid and entirely *free* to any who send him their names and addresses.

You can't afford to accept a substitute of *unknown* composition for this non-secret MEDICINE OF KNOWN COMPOSITION.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. One "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic. Druggists sell them, and nothing is "just as good." They are the *original* Little Liver Pills first put up by old Dr. Pierce over 40 years ago. Much imitated, but never equaled. They are tiny sugar-coated granules—easy to take as candy.

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser (1000 pages) is sent *free* on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps (to cover cost of mailing) for paper-covered, or 31 stamps for cloth-bound copy. Address Dr. Pierce as above.

THE CHURCHES.

Methodist Church.

Rev. George W. Farmer, pastor. Communion Sunday morning at 10.30. Sunday school at 12. Devotional meeting of the Epworth League in the vestry at 6.30.

"Paths of Power" will be the subject of the pastor's evening sermon in the auditorium of the church at 7.30, which will be followed by the installation of the newly-elected officers of the Epworth League. Strangers are always welcome at all the services of this church.

Middle Street Baptist Church.

Public services for worship at 10.30 a. m. Preaching by the pastor, Rev. Geo. W. Gile. Morning subject, "The Divine Call." Evening subject, "The Returned Slave." Communion service after the morning sermon. Sunday school in the chapel at 12. Christian Endeavor prayer meeting in the chapel at 6.45. Strangers and friends are invited to any and all of hese services.

Court Street Christian Church.

Regular morning worship with preaching by the pastor at 10.30 a. m. Communion following the morning service. Sunday school at 11.45. Christian Endeavor at 6.30 p. m. Subject, "How to realize the presence of Christ." Consecration service. Regular preaching service at 7.30 p. m. The Benevolent Society will meet Thursday afternoon and evening. Children's Day will be observed next Sunday.

Christ Church.

First Sunday after Trinity.
Holy Eucharist at 10.30 a. m.
Processional No. 311 .....Jeffrey
Introit, Psalm 23 .....Gregorian
Kyrie, Gloria, Creed .....Eyre
Hymn No. 1 .....Webbe
Sanctus, Benetictus, Agnus Dei, ... Eyre
Nunc Dimittis ..... Stainer
Anthem, "The Radiant Morn." Woodward
Processional No. 35 ..... Lutkin
Gloria in Excelsis .....Plainsong
Processional No. 519.....Morley
Choral Evensong at 7.30 p. m.
Processional No. 582 .....Irons
Psalms 113, 114 .....Gregorian
Magnificat ..... Stainer

Pearl Street Free Baptist Church.

Preaching at 10.30 by Rev. Charles B. Osborne of Milton, N. H. Subject, "A Great Secret." Evening service at 7.30, conducted by Rev. Mr. Osborne. Subject, "The Prince of Healers and How to be Healed." Everybody welcome.

Unitarian Church.

The Lord Is My Light.....Parker
Come Unto Me ..... Morrisoon
Bass solo, "In Me O Lord do I Put My Trust. .....Froy
C. W. Gray.

Christian Science Society.

Regular Sunday service at 10.45 a. m. Subject, "God the Only Cause and Creator." Sunday school at 11.50 a. m. Wednesday evening, testimonll meeting at 7.45. All are welcome. Services are held at 2 Market street; reading room at the same address open to the public daily except Sunday from 2 to 4 p. m. Here all Christian Science literature may be read.

NEW MANAGER TAKES CHARGE.

Resident Manager J. J. Hughes of the Rockingham Hotel, on Friday night completed his duties as resident manager of the hotel, and Mr. J. H. Butler of Boston, succeeds him as the resident manager. Mr. Hughes, while he has been in this city, has made a host of friends and especially among the patrons of the hotel, who sincerely regret his leaving. His successor, Mr. Butler, is a well known hotel man and in the short time he has been here in preparation of taking charge, he has made many friends.

NOTICE

The city clerk's office will be open Saturday evening from 7.30 to 9.30 for the purpose of issuing dog licenses.

Please call at this office before the dog officer calls on you.

LAMONT HILTON,
City Clerk.

"Suffered day and night the torment of itching piles. Nothing helped me until I used Doan's Ointment. It cured me permanently."—Hon. John R. Garrett, Mayor, Girard, Ala.

TROJANS BEATEN

Given a Coat of Whitewash by the Argonauts.

The Argonaut Athletic Association baseball team treated its old rivals, the Trojans, to a coat of whitewash this (Saturday) morning at The Plains. The features of the game were the pitching of the two pitchers and the fielding of Smart.

The score was six to nothing.

ACTING IN PLACE OF MR. JONES

William H. Hudson is acting as engineer on steamer 3 at the central fire station, in place of the regular engineer, George N. Jones, who is ill.

REBUILDING THE TANK

The water tank which recently collapsed at the Boston and Maine power plant on Noble's Island is being rebuilt by the carpenters' crew from this city.

Appreciative.

"Do you read the fashion magazines?" asked the visitor.

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "They often give such valuable hints on what not to wear."—Washington Star.

His Greatest Fault.

"Slurgit says he spends every cent of his income."

"That isn't the worse of it; he spends every cent of everybody else's income that he can get hold of.?—Detroit Free Press.

Coming to Him.

"Gayboy is the most cheerful man with a headache I ever saw."

"Well, he's a grateful sort of chap; he remembers the time he had the night before."—Detroit Free Press.

A Success.

"Snarlsby says it's his ambition to be a great discoverer."

"He is already. He can find more fault than anyone in the community."—Detroit Free Press.

Both Sides of It.

"My first dollar," remarked old Skinflint, "was the hardest to get."

"And your last," rejoined his profligate nephew, "is the hardest to give up."—Chicago Daily News.

Woman, Woman.

"Ah, dearest, now that we are engaged I feel that the eyes of all the world are upon you."

"O, George, do I look all right behind."—Milwaukee Sentinal.

Good Reason.

"I'm afraid that waiter is going to lose his balance."

"Why so?"

"I just tipped him."—Milwaukee Sentinal.

The Worst of It.

Mrs. Smith—So that impudent girl called you a cat, did she?

Mrs. Brown—Yes, but that wasn't the worse of it; she called me an 'old cat!'—Detroit Free Press.

Incompetent.

Lawyer—Well, what was done in the interim?

Witness—I don't know, sir. I didn't go into the interim. I staid in the anteroom.—Puck.

Explanation.

Hyker—I wonder why Columbus imagined the world was round?

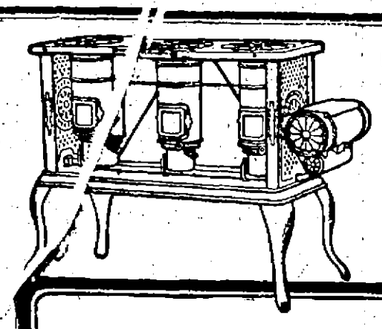
Pyker—Because it didn't give him a square deal, I suppose.—Chicago Daily News.

Wanted Him to Make Good.

"Do you know," he said, "I believe I should like to kiss you."

"Well, haven't you the courage of your convictions?"—Milwaukee Sentinal.

Accidents will happen, but the best-regulated families keep Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil for such emergencies. It subdues the pain and heals the hurts.



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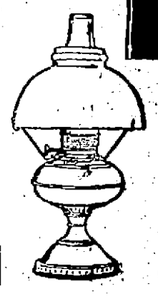

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A Careful Perusal Will Prove Its Value to Every Portsmouth Reader

The average man is a doubter, and there is little wonder that this is so. Misrepresentations make people skeptics. Now-a-days the public ask for better evidence than the testimony of strangers. Here is proof which should convince every Portsmouth reader.

Mrs. C. H. Muchmore, living at 29 Maplewood Ave., Portsmouth, N. H., says: "Doan's Kidney Pills cured me, something that several doctors could not do. My physician told me I had Bright's disease and that I could expect little relief. I suffered terribly for two or three years with soreness and stiffness in my whole body, and I was also annoyed with a great deal of bloating. The pains I had were so terrible that I was often obliged to stay in bed, being unable to get about. The doctors gave me bottle after bottle of medicine but I did not receive any real relief until I procured Doan's Kidney Pills at Philbrick's Pharmacy. I had seen them advertised and highly recommended by people here in Portsmouth. I am thankful to say that they brought me immediate relief. I have had one or two attacks since then but Doan's Kidney Pills never failed to bring relief."

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ENDING IT ALL

By NELLIE CRAVEY GILLMORE

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The water was clear and cold and still, save for the fleeting ripples made by Paulding's swift oars as he drove his shell determinedly toward the opposite shore. A dingy Panama was pulled quite over his eyes; could one have caught their look, a sterner expression was in the mild gray depths than they had ever before worn. His shirt sleeves were rolled back to the elbows, the brown, muscular forearms flashing like bronze in the sunlight, and with every dexterous stroke, the grim lines about his mouth became more set.

Suddenly the boat scraped on the sand and Paulding sprang ashore, fastening it to one of the willows that dipped its branches low into the water. He stood a moment, surveying the placid expanse of treacherous green. Over the distant edge of it, a rim of blue, like a turquoise hoop, curved itself in vivid contrast. High up in the west, the sun glowed a fiery challenge. Paulding waited till the lake grew saffron under its vanishing splendor, then wheeled abruptly and walked up the bank, flinging himself down on the spongy carpet of daisy-studded grass.

An hour slipped by, and he did not stir. He was cynically reviewing the past and wondering, with a last, desperate thread of hope, if life had really come to an end for him in this tragic way; a suicide's grave!

Cynthia was no weakling, he knew that. She was, as a matter of fact, uncompromising, and he could not even try to deceive himself further with visions of her relenting. When, on the occasion of his last call, she had coldly send down word that she would not meet him, then or ever, he had felt in his bones that her words were final. Every effort to communicate with her, thereafter, either personally or by letter, had been met by the same uncompromising rigidity: Every note had been returned with the seal unbroken; she would not even allow him a syllable or appeal. And for what? He cudgled his ingenuity in vain. Obviously, he had committed some unpardonable sin in Cynthia's eyes, and quite as obviously, he was never even to know what it was!

Another 60 minutes were gone, and with a groan, Paulding dragged himself stiffly to his feet and moved down to the water's edge. Twilight had choked away the pretty pink haze and long, drab shadows were beginning to quiver grewsomely over the lake. With benumbed fingers, he untied the rope that fastened his shell and threw it in the bottom of the boat. He settled himself with painstaking care in his seat and resting on his oars, sat for a moment, gazing about him at the familiar landmarks everywhere, made doubly dear by association. For it was here, almost on this very spot, that Cynthia had given him her hand and he had kissed her on the lips to seal their betrothal.

Twenty feet out, the water was deep. It would be but a moment's work, and—setting his lips, he shot ahead like an arrow, then gradually slowed down. His face was quite pale, almost ashen, and his heart was pounding heavily. His eyes, from mild gray, had grown perfectly black. Suddenly he dropped his oars and sprang into the water. It closed over him, sending millions of circles rippling away in every direction. It was icy cold and chilled Paulding to the marrow. His head emerged after a second's time, ten feet nearer shore. A few powerful strokes brought him to firm ground. He clambered up the bank, shaking himself like a drenched terrier.

"The devil!" he muttered.

Then some sudden revulsion of feeling caused him to laugh aloud. There was an instantaneous echo, and with a hot, guilty feeling, Paulding turned and glared in the direction from which it came.

Less than a rod away, a girl, slim and graceful, in a white yachting suit, sailed at him over the yapan.

"Cynthia!"

The next minute, he was at her side. But she deftly evaded his touch and stood regarding him with cold, inscrutible eyes. He noticed with a pang that her cheeks had lost some of their roundness and much of their old-time color.

"Why did you come here to-day?" he asked, steadying his voice by an effort.

The girl remained silent, with quiet eyes. Her lips, trembling, humid and half-parted, closed abruptly over the words she would have uttered. Her mute gaze accused him more plainly than words could have done.

"Cynthia," he began after a constrained silence, "tell me why you refused to see me?"

The vivid spots of color leaped to her cheeks.

"After the letter you sent me?" she questioned.

"Letter?"

Cynthia fumbled in her blouse and drew forth a crumpled tearstained sheet. She handed it to Paulding and he opened it wonderingly, reading the words through a blood-red mist:

"Farewell forever. I have learned to love another better than yourself, and cannot, conscientiously, let you bind yourself to me. Believe me, this is far best for us both. Some day you will learn to be happier than I could hope to make you."

There was no address, no signature. But the handwriting was unmistakably his own. For a moment he stood, bewildered, looking first at the girl and then back to the letter. Then, in a flash it came to him. This was the note he had composed for Billy, the footman. Billy could not write a line and he, fool-like, had volunteered to help him out of his affair de coeur with the house girl next door! But how in the world had the note gotten to Cynthia?

An embarrassing silence lay between them. Paulding was divided between an intolerable sense of rage and mortification and an inexpressible feeling of joy and relief.

"Cynthia," he said after awhile, "how came you by this?"

"The postman brought it."

"It was directed to you?"

"Certainly."

"In my handwriting?"

"Naturally."

Paulding pondered a second. Then: "Good Lord!" he ejaculated, "Good Lord!"

The girl looked at him with crimsoning cheeks. Her blouse, cut low in the neck, revealed her throat white and palpitant.

"Did you ever get the letter I wrote asking you to go with me to Parsifal?"

She shook her head slowly back and forth.

"No," she said, "I did not."

All at once, and without warning, Paulding caught her in his arms and kissed her vehemently on her eyes, cheeks and lips.

"I guess I must have mixed up those letters," he explained as Cynthia struggled away from his embrace, breathing fast, her eyes starry through a sudden mist.

Suddenly she broke into a musical ripple of laughter and sat down weakly on the edge of a stump.

"And the house maid—did you take her to Parsifal?"

"Billy became chicken-hearted at the eleventh hour, I believe, and never sent his letter at all."

Cynthia had removed the white duck hat from her curls and sat regarding the narrow band of red about it with musing eyes. Her cheeks throbbed crimson. All at once, Paulding stooped and got possession of her hands; they were trembling.

"Seems queer you should come down here," he said, down here—where—"

"I came," she interrupted him with a little something between a sob and laugh, "just as you did—to end it all—out there."

"But you didn't!" cried Paulding exultantly, flushing scarlet.

"Nor you," she echoed, eluding his dripping arms.

"I did my best," he laughed, with a cynical face.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Cynthia, "we came all round dying together to 'end it all,' didn't we?"

"There's a better way than that," said Paulding, looking into her shining eyes, "we can live together instead. Shall we?"

She gave him her hands.

RESCUE OF ABANDONED SHIPS.

How Sailormen Gamble on Picking Up a Valuable Find.

The seaman's gamble is described by P. T. McGrath in the Technical World Magazine. He tells the story of huge steamers filled with costly cargoes which are abandoned in storms and left to drift aimlessly upon the ocean. To the vessel which rescues the waif steamer and brings her into port, the admiralty courts never give less than one-half of what the boat and her cargo bring in the open market.

There is probably not a mariner on the ocean now but in his day dreams speculates upon some fortunate chance putting a derelict in his way when he becomes a captain, thus enabling him to lay by a nest egg for a fortune from his share of the salvage for getting her safely into some haven of refuge.

The author cites an instance where a little tug earned $39,800 by a lucky trip. In another case, the Exeter City earned all expenses and $36,000 in addition, for saving an American schooner which had been adrift for several months. He also tells the story of another derelict which was worth $400,000 and which was lost. This probably would not have happened if wireless telegraphy had been as far advanced as it is now. And, indeed, many of the seaman's happy day dreams of sudden wealth would prove a reality if practical methods were employed in preparing for towage.

The average shipmaster thinks that only a good, strong rope is necessary to pull a derelict into port, but many boats have been jerked loose and lost by diving into a heavy sea when there was nothing to hold them to the rescuing ship but a bit of manila rope. In any case, the seaman is taking long chances for his money, because there is the chance of the derelict sinking at any moment and dragging the rescuing ship down with her.

Alumni Claim Governor.

Gov. Hughes is probably the most "alumnied" executive that ever headed the state government. Attending the Cornell dinner the other night, he was hailed as a son of the Ithaca institution and only a week or so before the Brown alumni had claimed him for their own. But the governor if he has any desire to qualify further may drop in on the Colgate and even the Columbia alumni when they dine. He started his college career at Colgate, stayed there two years and then went to Brown. He studied law at Columbia and became a Cornell man by occupying a lecture chair there for two years

A HELPFUL TANGLE

By EMMETT C. HALL

(Copyright, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

Ned Hazard stood upon the little dock and surveyed the trim motor boat that floated jauntily upon the clear water of the lake. There was in his face an amusing mixture of admiration, proprietory pride and hesitancy. He was quite as familiar with the operation of a launch as with animals of the early glacial period, and yet he had asked Virginia Moore to take a sail with him that very afternoon.

Of course it would have been a simple matter to have secured a man from the boat club, but Ned Hazard was accustomed to do things himself, and the idea of two dreamy hours alone with Virginia was too enticing to be put aside. And, any way, had not the agent fully explained the working of the motor to him?

Hazard was the happy product of two distinct sections and environments. A college man, born in the east, he had gone with the first rush to Alaska, and had struck it rich. The three, long silent years under the Northern Lights had left their impress, however. They had given a quiet self-reliance, but also a remarkable diffidence with women, and it was most marked in the company of Virginia. When he had gone away, he had left her a mischievous, laughing school girl, and when he returned he had found a beautiful young woman, and had promptly fallen entirely and completely in love.

Had it not been for the three silent years, he would no doubt have pressed his suit with all the ardor which he had put into football in his college days, and, quite as likely Virginia would have gently turned him aside. As it was, he loved her with a blind devotion, the intensity of which caused him to depreciate himself in his own mind, which so clouded his vision that he could not even see that Virginia evinced a most decided preference for his company, or that her hand trembled and her eyes fell when they met.

After his inspection of the launch, Ned turned away with a shrug of his broad shoulders.

"Well, anyway," he said to himself, "it is pretty sure to count on that the thing won't sink, even if I can't make it go, and if we run on a rock, we can both swim all right."

As he started up the path toward the hotel, he caught sight of Virginia coming toward him, and waited. The girl was smiling to herself, one of the teasing, mischievous smiles of the old days. On her arm was a light shawl.

"Ahoy, captain!" she called merrily, and saluted gravely.

"Hello, Vi!" he answered, unconsciously responding to her return to the old intimacy. "The cruiser is all ready—shall we put to sea?"

"Well, we will go to see, anyway," she laughed, and tripped to the end of the wharf.

"Oh, what a beauty!" she exclaimed, delighted by the trim lines of the little craft. "It certainly is fine, but how did you ever come to buy one, Ned?"

"Oh, I—well, I heard you say one day that you liked them, and so, of course—that is, I knew they must be nice," he stammered.

She gave him a quick look from beneath her long lashes, but made no reply. He had pulled the boat in close, and she stepped upon the little forward deck.

"Come on, ancient mariner," she commanded, and he followed her aboard. He cast off the line, and, follthe agent's instructions, gave the flywheel of the engine a quick turn, to be rewarded by hearing the quick, strong "pop-pop" of regular explosions. Virginia had possessed herself of the wheel, and headed the boat up the lake.

They were rather silent as the boat sped on through the clear water, winding in and out among the tiny green islands. The girl seemed intent upon her steering, and he was content to watch her face, about which little tendrils of brown curls were blowing. The bracing air had brought a bright color into her cheeks, and her eyes were sparkling.

"We can go as far as the old fisherman's camp," she presently said; "that is 18 miles, and then get back in time for dinner."

"You are steering dear," he said, and was appalled at his daring. If she noticed the term he used, she gave no sign, and he hoped devoutly that she had not.

Presently she brought the boat around with a sweep, and pointed to a ruined hut upon the island.

"That's the old camp," she said, "and it's your turn to steer now. I am going to sit back in the stern for awhile."

He obediently took his place at the little wheel in the forward end of the boat, it never once occuring to him that she could be steered from any point by means of the rudder-lines that ran along the combing.

Then they sailed straight into the setting sun now, and it required a careful watch to avoid the rocks which came just to the surface of the water, so that he did not dare often to turn his head. A quiet fury at himself was taxing possession of his mind. Why had he not, when he had the opportunity, declared his love for the girl? Of course he would have been rejected, but anything would be preferable to his present state. And yet, perhaps, who could tell? Was she not always kind to him—did she not seem to enjoy his company?

His reflections were suddenly interrupted by a peculiar jerking check in the speed of the boat; the next instant it was very evident that something had gone wrong, for the engine coughed and sputtered, and, finally seemed to jam. Their only headway was the rapidly failing momentum already acquired.

Ned left the wheel, and examined the engine carefully. So far as his limited knowledge could discover there was nothing wrong. The spark was clear and strong, and the tank was half full of gasoline.

"Now what do you think of that?" he muttered hopelessly, and sat down, staring at the motor.

"I think," Virginia answered, practically, seating herself opposite, "that we are going to miss our dinner."

"There is a plenty to eat in that locker," he said encouragingly. "If the thing don't take a notion to go pretty soon, so that we turn up by seven, Jack Phillips will come looking for us with his boat. He said I was a fool to take a girl out in a motor boat without knowing anything about it."

"But you didn't take me—I just came along," Virginia consoled. "It isn't your fault if the motor breaks down, is it? You tell Jack I say he is horrid."

Presently the gold began to fade from the western sky; and as the sun sank a cool breeze sprang up. Virginia, in her thin shirt waist, shivered. In a moment his coat was off, and he had wrapped it about her.

"No, no!" she protested, endeavoring to free herself from the enveloping folds, "I am not cold, really—and you will take cold."

"You be quiet," he commanded, and the girl obeyed, while a new light came into her eyes. Presently her slender form began to droop a little.

"Are you tired?" he said.

"Well, perhaps a little," she admitted. "I guess it was the tennis this morning.

He moved closer to her side, and slipped one arm about her.

"You can rest against my shoulder," he said, and drew her gently to him.

"But—but you are tired, too, I know," Virginia objected. He laughed lightly, and she could feel the muscles of his powerful arm swell. "You are very strong, are you not?" she said, admiringly, and nestled a bit closer.

Silver stars came out one by one, and there was no sound save the lapping of the wind-ripples against the boat. They seemed alone in a dream world, and he seemed hardly conscious of any reality but the warmth of the slender form in his arms and the sweet, faint perfume of her hair. Gently he raised her chin that he might look into her brown eyes, and then pressed his lips upon the ripe red ones that did not seek to avoid him.

How long it was he never knew, but presently the distant beat of a launch's motor forced itself upon his attention.

"That must be Jack," he said, and sighed.

Virginia sprang to her feet, and began to roll back the sleeves from a round, white arm.

"Light your side-lights, quick!" she commanded, and he hastened to obey. Soon a bright green and red was reflected in the water. When his task was completed he turned toward Virginia.

The girl was lying upon the after-deck, with her arm buried to the shoulder in the water. Presently she arose, and the ragged remains of a light shawl was in her hand.

"It—it was tangled in the propellor, dear," she whispered, and blushed a fiery red.

"You blessed angel!" he muttered, and again took her in his arms.

"I think the engine will go now," she said, and a minute later its strong, regular beats were sounding through the night.

MISTAKE THAT WAS FATAL.

Young Man Became Martyr to Fad of Simplified Spelling.

"Are you an advocate of simplified spelling?"

"No. I had a chance to marry the daughter of a Pittsburg millionaire, but spelling reform spoiled the whole affair. You see we met in New York, and came to an understanding there. Then she went home to Pittsburg, and I came back to Chicago. Well, I wrote just one letter to her, and like a fool I used the simplified spelling. I got a wire ten minutes after she had received my ardent missive. She informed me that it was all off. Her father had rather liked me and thought I would be a good man to relieve him of some of the responsibilities which grew out of his vast business interests, but when they got my letter they jumped to the conclusion that I had lied to them about my education. They think I'm an illiterate fortune-hunter. I have written a dozen letters to the girl since that fatal note, but it's no good. She thinks I got somebody to fix up the spelling for me. She refuses to see me, and here I am still working for a living and likely to have to keep on doing it. Spelling reform? Nit—n-i-double-t! Not for Willie."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Little Mixed.

"I don't understand this business very clearly, so will you mind telling me just what you are delay?"

"Certainly not. At present, I am dealing in futures."—Baltimore American.

THE CLOCK

By CHARLES S. REID

(Copyright, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

It was an enlarged edition of the typical grandfather's clock. It stood nine feet in the corner of my sleeping room, 18 inches thick and 30 inches wide at the base. The lower part of the case had the appearance of being a cabinet, but if an opening ever had existed in it the fact did not now appear. At the request of a maiden aunt I had bought the clock at an auction sale of the effects of my late grandfather, and had stored it here, until my aunt should elect to move her property, for there was little of the antiquary about me—my tastes were modern.

But as the days passed, the clock seemed to take on a kind of personality, its dingy face assumed an expression that was almost life-like, though the manifestation was a frown instead of a smile.

While at work during the day the clock would pop up in my mind, grimly serious, dejectedly striving, as if for the gift of speech; and at night in my dreams it had a part. A number of times I was on the point of writing my aunt that the timepiece, now timepiece in name only, must be removed from my apartments. But on reflection I found that I should have no excuse for making the request unless I confessed to something that might be considered superstitious. So the clock remained.

Three months had passed—and it was the night of the 18th of April, to be exact—having become a still more insistent feature of my daily thoughts and nightly dreams, the old clock one night suddenly caught and held my attention under a hypnotic fascination I was unable to break. I had come in late, a quarter to 12 o'clock by my watch—the old clock in the corner had not ticked off an hour in 60 years, and the hands had stood at 12 undisturbed through all these six decades.

Having dropped into a convenient arm chair a few feet away, I had turned my eyes toward the time-stained dial; and at that moment the clock had begun to strike, one, two, three, each sound clear and distinct, until 12 had been struck. Then the clock faded from my view as completely as a rainbow disappears from an evening sky, and I found myself transported, through what manner of mediumship I had no means of knowing, to an old-fashioned home in the country.

A mansion stood in the background, a rare old garden of elms, shrubbery and vines in the foreground. Near a fountain in the grounds sat a vision of loveliness such as never before had crossed my view. This was a girl not yet over 18. In a moment I could have thrown myself at her feet and declared my soul consecrated to her worship, so fair was she, so innocent in the soft expression of her large liquid eyes. Her glance was troubled, and I longed to approach her to offer my sympathies.

Presently a man came from the house—he was about middle-aged and was dressed after the fashion of a colonial gentleman. A large kindness beamed from his face, but there was a peculiar sternness in his manner. As he approached the fountain, the girl arose as if to creep away. But he had caught sight of her and called. She stopped and turned toward him. Then her lips moved faintly as if in protest, when he came up and took her hands in his. In the man's eyes I could see the fire of a deep passion; and something seemed to tell me that these two in relation to each other stood as guardian and ward.

Animated speech fell from the man's lips, and the girl's eyes looked up into his with strange tenderness, but this seemed mingled with a peculiar fear. And apparently she was striving to withdraw her hand from his grasp, though her effort was apologetic.

Presently the man caught her in his arms and pressed his lips to her forehead hungrily, as if he would fill the craving of a famished soul with the drop of sweetness from her fresh white brow. Then he released her, and the two turned away together a few yards to a division in the walk, where they parted, unconscious of a look of fierce vindictiveness that followed them from an older woman's face which had pushed out from among the shrubbery near the fountain.

This was a middle-aged face like the man's, but the features were unfavored, hard, uninviting to friendly advancement. From the eyes gleamed the green lights of a jealous rage. This older woman was angular in form, and she had a mouth and chin that denoted unyielding determination.

From this scene in the garden, with stereoptican abruptness, I was introduced to one in the house. The man was preparing for a journey, which, apparently was to be of some length; and the older woman was assisting in the preparations. The time was night, and the lights were not brilliant. Eventually the man bade the woman an indifferent farewell and passed out through the hallway. Outside, he looked up at the moon for a moment. Then he softly reentered the hall and crept up a stairway that led to the second story. Noiselessly he entered a chamber on one side of the hallway, closing the door behind him. A white figure started up from a window across the floor. The room was flooded with moonlight, and I saw the face of the beautiful girl. In it was expressed sudden terror that seemed a half mixture with gratification. It was pain and joy, fear and delight, resistance and love; and such a face!—my own heart offered itself a willing sacrifice at the altar of such beauty.

The man crossed hurriedly to the girl's side, seized her in his arms and caressed her passionately. And now the door opened for a second time, and the face that appeared, like that of the Medusa, seemed to petrify the scene before it. But presently the chime of a clock in the corner broke the stillness. There were 11 strokes, and I saw the tall, old clock of my grandfather, just as I had seen it in my room for weeks past, the dial figures being clearly outlined in the moonlight. The man released the girl from his embrace and recrossed the floor, passed the tall woman in the doorway, and was gone. Not a lip had moved in speech, but the very silence was pregnant with the tragedy of three lives.

The tall woman had come no farther than the doorway, and had turned back, closing the door behind her, after the man had departed. The girl fell upon her knees by the bedside and, with clasped hands, turned a white face toward the heavens.

And now, as the first had faded, this scene, too, passed from my vision. But the interval of darkness seemed only to point a lapse of time, though whether of hours, days or weeks I could not tell. At any rate, it was the girl's chamber which again came into view. The dial of the old clock in the corner showed that it was near midnight; and the moonlight revealed the girl lying asleep on the bed. The hall door opened slowly and softly, and the figure of the tall, angular woman glided into the room. She crossed quickly to the sleeping girl and by a few swift movements had bound her wrists and ankles securely, before the victim realized what was taking place.

A look of intense horror awoke in the girl's eyes when she saw the face that was bending over her. A bandage which the woman had supplied was now tied about the helpless girl's lips. This placed her completely at the mercy of the woman, who now proceeded with the diabolical work which the ingenuity of her jealous rage had planned. Sitting at her back she spread apart the arms and forced the bound wrists down over the girl's knees and to her ankles, where they were made fast to the ankle thongs. Then she passed a strap about the neck and under the lower limbs and thus drew her victim's chin down to her knees. Then she went to the old clock and in some mysterious manner removed the front panel in the lower cabinet, exposing to view a hollow space insfde. And it was now that the full horror of her purpose fell upon me, for the victim was lifted bodily from the bed by the woman and was forced into the empty cabinet of the clock in her cramped posture. Then the panel was deliberately replaced.

The awful horror of the scene aroused the stoutest indignation of my soul, and I strove with the strength of madness to burst asunder the bonds which seemed to restrain me, in order that I might go to the rescue of that fatally beautiful girl. And the effort did burst the bonds of my singular trance, for I awoke as from a dream, although the chime of the old clock in the corner of my room still vibrated from the last stroke of twelve, and I was rationally sure that those twelve strokes indeed had fallen.

The next day I found among some miniatures of my family one that resembled the man I had seen in my vision; and with it I went to my aunt.

"It is the miniature of your great grandfather," she told me.

"What is his history?" I asked.

"He was lost at sea about 60 years ago. He had married a second wife with whom he was not congenial. This wife objected to his guardianship of the orphaned daughter of a friend, who was said to have been wonderfully beautiful. And, too, this second wife was objectionable to all the children of his first marriage. She had been a serving woman of low degree and had nursed him through a long illness. And through his gratitude for this service he had married her. It was some time after this marriage that the orphaned girl came into his charge. But from the day of her introduction it appears a spirit of jealousy had been aroused in the wife's bosom. It is said my grandfather acquired interests in South America in order that he might spend much of his time abroad. The vessel on which he last sailed for that country never reached its destination; and months afterwards it was found by some of the children who took charge of the old place that the big family clock had stopped just at twelve, though less than half run down; and it was superstitiously believed that the clock had stopped at the hour of my grandfather's death."

"And what became of the girl?"

"It is said she disappeared. There was none to be particularly interested in her, and none ever knew what became of her, unless it was the wife, who died some years later in a madhouse.

I returned home with peculiar sensations, for I could not understand through what subtle influence those partially corroborated visions had come to my mind. Securing a chisel and a hammer, I ruthlessly tore away the front panel of the old clock cabinet; and there, amid a great wealth of brown hair, was a crouching form of yellowed bones.

BOSTON & MAINE RAILROAD—

EASTERN DIVISION

Winter Arrangement—In Effect Oct. 8, 1906

Trains Leave Portsmouth

For Boston—3.25, 6.30, 7.20, 8.15, 10.53 a. m., 2.21, 5.00, 6.22, 7.43 p. m. Sunday, 3.25, 8.40 a. m., 2.21, 5.00 p. m.

For Portland—9.55, 10.45 a. m., 2.55, *5.22, 8.45, 11.35 p. m. Sunday *9.55, 10.45 a. m., 8.45, 11.35 p. m.

For Wells Beach—9.55 a. m., 2.55 *5.22 p. m. Sunday, *9.55 a. m.

For Old Orchard—9.55 a. m., 2.55, *5.22 p. m. Sunday, *9.55 a. m.

For North Conway—9.55 a. m., 2.55 p. m.

For Somersworth—*4.50, *9.45, 9.55 a. m., 2.55, *5.22, 5.30 p. m.

For Rochester—*4.50, *9.45, 9.55 a. m., 2.50, 2.55, *5.22, 5.30 p. m.

For Dover—4.50, 9.45, 12.15 a. m., 2.50, 5.22, 8.47 p. m. Sunday, 9.55, 10.48 a. m., 8.47 p. m.

For North Hampton and Hampton—6.30, 7.20, 8.15, 10.53 a. m., 5.00 p. m. Sunday, 8.00 a. m., 5.00 p. m.

For Greenland—7.20, 8.15, 10.53 a. m., 5.00 p. m. Sunday, 8.00 a. m., 5.00 p. m.

Trains for Portsmouth

Leave Boston—7.30, 9.00, 10.10 a. m., 1.00, 3.30, 4.45, 6.00, 7.00, 10.00 p. m. Sunday 8.20, 9.00 a. m., 6.30, 7.00, 10.00 p. m.

Leave Portland—1.30, 9.00 a. m., 12.45, 5.00, 6.20 p. m. Sunday, 8.30 a. m., 12.45 p. m.

Leave Old Orchard—9.09 a. m., 12.48, *3.52 p. m. Sunday, 6.06 p. m.

Leave North Conway—7.38 a. m., 2.23 p. m.

Leave Rochester—7.20, 9.47 a. m., 3.52, 6.23 p. m.

Leave Somersworth—6.35, 7.33 10.00, *10.08 a. m., 4.05, 6.35 p. m. Sunday, 7.15 a. m.

Leave Dover—6.50, 10.24 a. m., 1.40 4.30, 6.30, 9.20 p. m. Sunday 7.30 a. m., 9.20 p. m.

Leave Hampton—9.22, 11.50 a. m., 2.24, 4.59, 6.16, 7.26 p. m. Sunday, 10.06 a. m., 7.59 p. m.

Leave North Hampton—9.28, 11.55 a. m., 2.30, 5.05, 6.21, 7.31 p. m. Sunday, 10.12 a. m., 8.05 p. m.

Leave Greenland—9.35 a. m., 12.01, 2.36, 5.11, 6.27 p. m. Sunday, 10.18 a. m., 8.10 p. m.

SOUTHERN DIVISION

Portsmouth Branch

Trains leave the following stations for Manchester, Concord and intermediate stations:

Portsmouth—8.30 a. m., 12.40, 5.25 p. m.

Greenland Village—8.39 a. m., 12.48, 5.33 p. m.

Rockingham Junction—9.05 a. m., 1.02, 6.58 p. m.

Epping—9.20 a. m., 1.16, 6.14 p. m.

Raymond—9.31 a. m., 1.27, 6.25 p. m.

Returning leave,

Concord—7.46, 10.25 a. m., 3.30 p. m.

Manchester—8.32, 11.10 a. m., 4.20 p. m.

Raymond—9.08, 11.48 a. m., 5.02 p. m.

Epping—9.20 a. m., 12.00 m., 5.15 p. m.

Rockingham Junction—9.47 a. m., 12.16, 5.55 p. m.

Greenland Village—10.01 a. m., 12.28, 6.08 p. m.

Trains connect at Rockingham Junction for Exeter, Haverhill, Lawrence and Boston. Trains connect at Manchester and Concord for Plymouth, Woodsville, Lancaster, St. Johnsbury, Newport, Vt., Montreal and the west.

*Via Dover and Western Division.

Information Given, Through Tickets Sold and Baggage Checked to all Points in the United States and Canada.

D. J. FLANDERS, P. T. M.
C. M. BURT, G. P. A.

PORTSMOUTH AND EXETER ELECTRIC RAILROAD TIME TABLE

Cars leave Exeter, Boston and Maine station, for Portsmouth—5.15, 7.45, *8.45, 9.45, 11.45 a. m., 1.45, 3.45, 5.45, 6.45, 7.45, 9.45, *11.45 p. m.

Cars leave Market square, Portsmouth, connecting with cars at Portsmouth Plains for Exeter—6.35, 7.35, 8.35, 10.35 a. m., 12.35, 2.35, 4.35, 5.05, 6.35, 8.35, 10.35 p. m.

Sunday cars start two hours later and run the same as on week days except the 7.35 a. m., and 5.05 p. m. trips, which are canceled for that day.

*To Stratham only.

ATLANTIC SHORE LINE RY.

(Western Division)

In effect Sept. 17, 1906. Subject to change without notice. Unavoidable delays excepted.

Ferry leaves Portsmouth, connecting with cars:

For Eliot, Dover and South Berwick—6.55 a. m., and hourly until 9.55 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.

For Kittery and Kittery Point—6.25, 6.55 a. m., and half hourly until 10.55 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.

For York Village, York Harbor and York Beach, via P. K. & Y. Div.—6.55 a. m., and every two hours until 4.55 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 9.55 a. m.

For York Village, York Harbor and York Beach, via Eliot and Rosemary—7.55 a. m., and every two hours until 9.55 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.

Cars to No Dover:

For York Beach—8.05 a. m., and every two hours until 10.05 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.05 a. m.

For Portsmouth, Eliot and Kittery—6.05 a. m., and hourly until 10.05 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.05 a. m.

For Salmon Falls Bridge, South Berwick—6:30 a. m., and hourly until 10.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.30 a. m.

Leave Salmon Falls Bridge, South Berwick:

For Dover, Eliot and Portsmouth—6.00 a. m., and hourly until 10.00 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.00 a. m.

For York—8.00 a. m., and every two hours until 10.00 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.00 a. m.

Leave York Beach:

For Dover and Salmon Falls Bridge, South Berwick—7.30, 9.30 a. m., and every two hours until 9.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 9.30 a. m.

For Portsmouth, via P. K. & Y. Div.—5.45, 6.30, 8.30 a. m., and every two hours until 4.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.30 a. m.

For Portsmouth, via Rosemary and Eliot—7.30, 9.30 a. m., and every two hours until 9.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 9.30 a. m.

Leave Sea Point:

For Portsmouth—6.00 a. m., and half hourly until 10.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 7.30 a. m.

Leave Rosemary Cottage:

For Portsmouth and Kittery—6.00, 6.30, 7.30 a. m., and hourly until 10.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.30 a. m.

Close connections can be made between Dover and York Beach via Eliot, Kittery and Kittery Point.

W. G. MELOON, Gen. Mgr.
Tel. Call—41-2 Portsmouth.

PORTSMOUTH ELECTRIC RY

Winter Time Table in Effect Commencing Sept. 17, 1906

Subject to Change and Correction Without Notice.

Main Line—Outward—Leave Portsmouth (Market Square) for North Hampton, *6.15 a. m. For Lang's Corner, Cable Road, Rye Beach, Little Boar's Head and Hampton Beach (B. H. & A. Junction), at *7.05 a. m. and hourly until 9.05 p. m. For Cable Road only at *6.30 a. m., §6.45 a. m., ‡10.05 p. m. Sunday only, for North Hampton, 7.35 a. m. Sunday only, for Sagamore Hill, 10.05 a. m. On theatre nights ‡10.05 p. m. car waits until close of performance. Cars leaving at 10.05 a. m., 1.05 p. m., 3.05, 4.05, 5.05, 7.05, *8.05 and 9.05 p. m. make connection for North Hampton.

Main Line—Inward—Leave North Beach (B. H. & A. Junction) at *8.05 a. m. and hourly until 10.05 p. m. Leave Cable Road, ‡6.10 a. m., *7.30 a. m. and *10.40 p. m. Sunday only, leave Sagamore Hill for Market Square at 10.23 a. m.

Plains Loop—Via Middle Street and Via Islington Street—Leave Market Square at ‡*6.35 ‡*7.05 a. m. and half hourly until *11.35 p. m. and §11.05 p. m. Running time from Market Square to B. & M. Station via Islington Street 16 minutes, via Market Street 4 minutes. Last cars each night run to car barn only.

* Omitted Sundays. ‡ Omitted Holidays. ‡ Runs to Little Boar's Head Saturdays only. §Saturdays only.

W. T. PERKINS, Supt.
C. M. BURT, General Passenger Agent.
City Office No. 5 Congress Block, Portsmouth. Telephone Call 233

U. S. NAVY YARD FERRY TIME TABLE

October 1 Until March 31

Leaves Navy Yard—8.20, 8.40, 9.15, 10.00, 10.20, 11.15, 11.45 a. m.; 1.25, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.35, 5.00, 5.50, *7.45 p. m. Sundays, 10.00, 10.15 a. m.; 12.15, 12.35 p. m. Holidays, 9.30, 10.35, 11.30 a. m.

Leaves Portsmouth—8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.35, 11.00, 11.30 a. m.; 12.35, 1.45, 2.30, 3.30, 4.23, 4.45, 5.30, 6.00, *10.00 p. m. Sundays, 10.07 a. m.; 12.05, 12.25, 12.45 p. m. Holidays, 10.00, 11.30 a. m.; 12.00 m.

*Wednesdays and Saturdays.

C. P. REES,
Captain, U. S. N. Captain of the Yard.
Approved: GEO. A. BICKNELL,
Rear Admiral U. S. N., Commandant.

CROSSED INVENTIONS

By GEORGE T. PARDY.

(Copyright, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

Cyril Morrison, man of letters and regular contributor to the Leader magazine, was well pleased with the story he had just sent to the editor of that esteemed publication. He felt in it that confidence which an author is sure to have in work which has sprung spontaneously from his pen, and is not that of the machine made, laboriously constructed variety. The tale had occurred to him while traveling between New York and Boston, and was due in the first place to a glance at a book that a lady in the seat before him was reading. Morrison's eye had caught sight of the familiar poetical line.

"If you were April's Lady and I were Lord of May."

"Swinburne," he mused, "or a collection of selected poems, perhaps. Wiseacres would say one ought to guess what a reader is like by the book she favors, but that's nonsense and anyway I don't know what book she's reading. She has an exquisite profile and her hair is something bewildering. If you were April's Lady!' April's lady should be a capricious creature, all smiles and tears, with winning ways and wilful wiles, impulsive and wayward, and thoroughly enchanting. It wouldn't be a bad idea to write a story of such a maiden and call it 'April's Lady.' Let me see, what should it be like?"

Morrison fell to pondering, when suddenly a tale presented itself clearly in his mind. The mental action appeared to him more like that of remembering, than composing, so real and complete was the history. Almost the whole of the journey was taken up considering the incidents of the story, and when the train drew into Boston, he was almost inclined to lean forward and thank his pretty neighbor for the inspiration thus gained.

As before stated, Morrison was greatly pleased with the result of his labors and indeed after he had posted the manuscript reflected with much satisfaction on its excellence. Therefore his surprise may be imagined when, a few days later, he received the following letter from Mr. Edwards, editor of the Leader:

My Dear Mr. Morrison: Can you drop into my office to-morrow about noon? By some odd coincidence, I received a story very similar to your April's Lady and bearing the same title, several days earlier and should like to talk with you about it. Very truly yours,

B. A. EDWARDS.

Morrison was utterly confounded. He racked his brain in vain to discover who could possibly have reproduced his story. He ransacked his memory for some old tale which he might unconsciously have plagiarized, but could think of nothing and moreover, he reflected that the coincidence of names certainly could not be accounted for in this way, even had he recalled the germ of his plot.

"There is something very singular about this affair," remarked Mr. Edwards, as he laid out Morrison's manuscript on his desk and placed beside it another one written in a distinctly feminine hand.

"If the stories were a little more alike, I should be sure one was copied from the other, as it is, it is inconceivable that they have not a common origin. Where did you get your idea?"

"So far as I know," returned Morrison, "I evolved it from my inner consciousness, but the germ may have been the unconscious recollection of some incident or floating idea. Who sent you the other version?"

"A lady of whose integrity, I am as sure as I am of yours," responded the editor.

"The mere similarity of theme isn't so strange, that happens frequently, but that the title of the stories should be identical, and that in each the heroine should be named May—"

"Is her heroine named May?" interrupted the astonished author. "Why then, she probably got the name in the same way I did. I took the title of the story and the heroine's name from a line of Swinburne, and—"

"And," broke in Edwards impatiently, "it seems she did the same. Look here—"

He pointed to the manuscript in the lady's writing, on the first page of which appeared the quotation—

"If you were April's Lady and I were Lord of May."

At that moment the office boy appeared and announced that Miss Kate Deane wished to see the editor.

"Show her in," said Edwards, then turning to Morrison, he added: "Here comes your mysterious rival now, perhaps we shall be able to throw some light on the subject."

As a tall, graceful figure entered the sanctum, Morrison started in surprise. The well poised head, the perfect profile, the mass of heavy brown hair, were all familiar. It was the girl who had sat before him in the train on that journey from New York. As she bowed in recognition of Edward's introduction the young man fancied that a half light of recognition shone for an instant in her eyes. He wondered if by any chance she had noticed his presence on the train.

"Well, what about this psychological problem?" asked Edwards, as his two contributors gazed at each other in silence.

"Pardon me, Miss Deane, if I cross-examine you a little," said Morrison abruptly. "You came from New York on the morning train on the sixteenth of last month, did you not?"

"Yes," she answered, her color a trifle heightened.

"And on the way you read Swinburne until you came to the line—

"'If you were April's Lady and I were Lord of May.'"

"And it occurred to you what a capital name for a story 'April's Lady' would be?"

"Yes," she repeated and then turned to Edwards to ask: "Is this mind reading?"

"I'm sure I don't know," returned the editor.

"And the rest of the way to Boston," continued Morrison, "you were elaborating your story. You took the heroine's name from the same line."

"Exactly," nodded Miss Deane. "But how can you know these things? I don't understand it at all."

"It's a sure enough case of thought transference, I suppose," said Morrison gravely. "I never believed in that sort of thing before, but one can't deny such proofs as these."

"But," broke in Edwards, "apart from the solution of how it happened, what I want to know is, whose story this really is?"

"Miss Deane's, by all means," responded Morrison gallantly. "If I hadn't impertinently looked over her shoulder, I shouldn't have had any share in it whatever."

"You are very generous, Mr. Morrison," said the girl, smiling, "but I see no reason why you should give way to me. I prefer to pocket my manuscript and retire."

Morrison entered a vigorous protest against this suggestion, and then the editor came to the rescue of the perplexed authors. "Why not work together and make one story out of the two?" he queried. "I would like to see the effect of collaboration on this mystic tale."

Morrison seized eagerly on the idea and after a short discussion, Miss Deane consented to try the experiment. During the course of the following week they discovered that although their acquaintance got on famously, the much talked-of story was not advancing rapidly. A very brief time sufficed to reduce both versions of "April's Lady" to hopeless confusion, but to build from the fragments a new and improved copy was a labor of much magnitude. Circumstances conspired to hinder progress. It was necessary that they should verify their impressions of materials they had used, and to do this they were obliged to attend the theater together, to read various poems, and together to hear a good deal of music. A little ingenuity and a common inclination to prolong these pleasant investigations, took up so much time that it was several months before they could even pretend to be ready to begin serious work upon the story.

One evening they were on their way home from a concert which they had boldly attended without even a pretense that it was in the remotest way connected with literary projects, when Morrison made a suggestion.

"Kate," he remarked, "I fear we are becoming demoralized and it seems to me that the only hope of our ever completing 'April's Lady' is to put everything else aside for the time being and give our minds to it. So I think we had better be quietly married and go to some rustic resort and get that elusive tale on paper at last."

"As to being married," returned Kate, "have you considered that we could not make a living, since we should inevitably be writing the same things?"

"That is my chief reason for proposing it," rejoined Morrison. "Think how awkward it is going to be if either of us marries somebody else, and then we write the same things. It is a good deal better to have our interests in common, if our inventive faculty is to be so."

After due reflection Kate decided that this view of the case was the correct one and the marriage took place in the following month. "April's Lady," has never yet appeared in print, but this fact does not prevent Morrison from considering it the most valuable of all his literary labors, for through its agency he won a wife who is devoted to him.

IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

Flagrant Corruption for Long the Rule in England.

Of the corrupt customs that marked old-time English politics a writer in the London Chronicle says: "During the reign of George III. 388 peers were created, most of them for political jobbery. The favorite type of jobbery was the manufacture of constituencies guaranteed to return faithful supporters of the government. 'It was a common practice,' writes a historian of the period, 'to carry an election by splitting up one freehold into ten, thus multiplying tenfold the influence of a local magnate.' Lord Melville, so late as the first quarter of the nineteenth century, was able to return 39 out of 45 members for Scotland.

"Well into the nineteenth century the sale of a place in the house of commons was considered to be as honorable a transaction as the purchase of a commission in the army. 'I have seen an advertisement,' wrote Prof. Pryme, 'before Grampound was disfranchised, offering a borough for sale, as not only to be sold but sold by order of the court of chancery. A short time before the reform bill Lord Monson paid £100,000 ($500,000) for Gatton, which contained about 25 houses and rather more than 100 inhabitants.'

"It was the ambition of the country squire to invest, say, £1,000 ($5,000) in buying a seat and then living happily on the glory ever afterward. Earl Russell tells in his 'Recollections' of a lord who used to go out hunting followed by a tail of half a dozen members of his own making."

THE RED SIGNAL LIGHT

"Ding me if there wasn't a lot of discussion about these signals," said the fat engineer. "A feller would be peggin' along about 45 miles an hour with a heavy train 'n' come up again' the signal at Danvers Crossin' all standin'.

"Now, Danvers Crossin' was a bad spot to get stopped, 'n' it didn't tend to smooth anyone's feelin's to lay there the required time for automatic signals 'n' find everything all right.

"Of course, there was only one explanation. Spooks.

"Oh, yes, we decided that at a protracted session of the stove committee. Farmer Bailey and his two children were killed at Danvers Crossin' durin' that winter 'n' it was only natural that their departed spirits should get back by tamperin' with the signals and set the operatin' department of the road by the ears.

"What seemed to make the spook theory more plausible was that the tampering with the signals did not begin until after negotiations with the railroad company by Bailey's relatives for damage claims had become deadlocked.

"But I wouldn't fall for any such thingummijigs in mine. However, the signals up that way continued to play hob with us, 'n' reports 'n' complaints at the main office didn't bring any improvement. There was a reign of terror among the train crews.

"I was comin' east one night with first 86, the livestock express, 'n' only had just as much time as the law allows to get in 'n' make the export steamer with 'em. I wasn't thinkin' much about spooks or spirits, but just merely payin' attention to business.

"I was shakin' 'em along right lively when comin' along there by Danvers Crossin' the red light on the signal pole was shinin' as brightly as the big ruby in the rajah's crown. I kept steam on just as long as I possibly could, thinkin' that the signal would turn to white. But it didn't, 'n' I came to a dead stop.

"From what I could see the track in the block ahead was just as clear as a politician's conscience. However, I had to wait the required ten minutes before proceedin'. Well, sir, the language I used about spooks 'n' automatic block signals in general while we were standin' there would have sterilized milk.

"All of a sudden down behind a bush near the tracks was a splashin', wallerin' sound, as if some one had slipped 'n' made a false step in the ditch. Immediately I thought it a part of my duties to go down there 'n' investigate. Mebbe I might see Farmer Bailey's shade 'n' talk him out of this foolishness of trying to get hop tamperin' with our signal system.

"I ran down the bank toward the bush. The spook saw me comin' first 'n' evidently not wishin' to be interviewed, started to leg it across lots, me in full pursuit.

"It beat any Marathon cross-country race you ever saw, my contest with that shade. He was pretty swift on his spindles 'n' I'm no selling plater myself.

"I was closin' the gap on him pretty rapidly 'n' I was just mad enough to give that ghost a good slap on the halo when I caught up to him. Comin' to a little brook crossin' the lot the spook decided not to take the Liverpool an' he stopped so suddenly that I nearly went through him.

"'Well,' I says, swingin' him around, 'the pleasure is all mine. You can—'

"'No,' he returned in a voice strangely familiar, but that belonged to no spook, 'it's all mine. I saw it first. You just hike back to your train 'n' move on.'

"I just felt as cheap as a fur overcoat in hades. There I'd been chasin' the superintendent of signals.

"You see the company had been trylin' a little test just to see who was who 'n' up to snuff on the automatic signals to find out what engineers were observin' the signals properly. Of course they hadn't thought it necessary to take us into their confidence 'n' except for the supe's false step we wouldn't be wise yet."

Children Who Contradict.

A natural habit of every child is to contradict, and this should be overcome as soon as a boy or girl develops it, for of all disagreeable and overbearing persons those who aggressively contradict are among the worst. Parents cannot be too particular in teaching their sons and daughters to disagree courteously, which is not at all incompatible with doing it positively. "I beg your pardon, but you are mistaken," is quite as much of a contradiction as saying "It isn't," and it is far better manners. "I think you are mistaken" is another way of expressing the opinion. A mother need not be afraid of making her child a prig by teaching him such little things. They are as important to him as a knowledge of how to speak gramatically.

Pessimism.

A certain man, who was recently reelected to a position that he had held for many years, met a friend who congratulated him on his continued good fortune. To this the other replied: "Yes, but it can't always last; I'll have to give it up some day. I feel a great deal like a man I knew who worked in one place for 40 years, and when discharged at last on account of old age remarked: 'Well, when I came here I knew I wouldn't have a steady job.'"

AN OLD HAT AND A WEDDING DINNER

Ah, father, you know well that's no decent hat for a man to wear to his daughter's wedding!" exclaimed Margaret Collins.

"'Tis a foine hat! Wasn't it the pride av your mother's heart—rest her sowl!—from the very day we were wed, back in the Ould Dart? What ails ye, castin' shame on what was good enough for her that's in paradise?" and both father and daughter crossed themselves, he as he thought of the gray-eyed colleen who had plighted troth to him so many years ago, she of the sweet old mother who had blessed her as she died.

But in a moment the daughter returned to the fray, a new fire in her eye.

"Now, father dear, it's well you know mother always wanted you to have the best. The hat's like no one's in the town now. She'd never have you shame Margaret."

The old man turned away, a sort of obstinate sorrow expressed in every line of his stooping figure, and Margaret must needs keep silence for a while.

Old John's hat was a sore subject in the Collins family. The two daughters at home, handsome, well-dressed girls, tried every Sunday of their lives to adjust their minds to the trial of going through the streets to mass with their father— and the hat.

It was an ancient beaver of the bell-crowned variety, and had graced the marriage of its owner many years ago. When the young couple crossed the ocean to the new home which promised so much, the hat box was their most valued bit of luggage. When they settled in "the west" and the lad got work on "the ditch," where so many strapping young Irishmen laid the foundation of their fortunes all down the Des Plaines valley, the hat was the talisman of their respectability. It proved that its owner was no common "greenhorn," but a married man of substance, and the young wife adored it and its wearer.

John wern the headgear in sublime unconsciousness of the changing fashions of this frisky land, and after the little wife died he cherished it as a memento of his wedding day. Now he wore it not only to church but to the cemetery in the afternoon, and every minute of the day besides, except when he sat at the head of his table.

Sunday visitors noted it, the older ones with a shake of the head and a whispered "well, 'tis that himself do be keepin' her in mind so well—but I dunno would she be wantin' him to wear that ould thing av she could be let see."

And now Margaret was to be married, and she shuddered as she thought of that hat in the second carriage. She approached her father once, but recoiled in dismay as he turned upon her with something like a snarl.

"Av Parnell Cloonan don't like me hat he'll do well widout me daughter," was what he said.

Then John's handsome gray-haired sister-in-law tried. "John," she insinuated, "John, don't ye think ye'll be needin' a new suit soon? You know Margaret's to be marr'd this day two weeks."

"The order is with Casey these three months back. It'll be ready in toime," he replied with a wary glance.

"That's foine, John," she answered. "Now, where did you say you bought th' hat to go wid them?"

"I've a hat that's good enough for anny wedding, I'd have ye to know, Maggie," he replied warmly, and his old eyes lighted and his lips set.

The suit came home from Casey's and the heart of the bride-to-be sank within her. There was no hat box. Rendered desperate by the near approach of the event, she tried again but—

"'Tis a grand month, Jane, for a wedding," said the old man, his eyes looking far away. "Ye'r mother and me was marr'd in June. Th' hawthorne was in bloom be the chapel dure. But that's long ago!"

The morning of the wedding old John Collins left the house without a word to any one. He wore his new clothes and the battered beaver, which had reflected the sun of many summers. The ceremony was set for ten o'clock, and it was 9:30 when they called him, but he had not returned. They waited and worried until it seemed as if they would be obliged to telephone the police for help, and the priest to postpone the wedding, when in walked Collins.

He carried himself with savage dignity, and wore a shining silk hat of the very newest style.

The ceremony was over and the bride, still dazed, with the hat glimmering before her eyes, headed the procession from the carriages into the house where "relatives and immediate friends" were to enjoy a wedding dinner.

Foremost among them came the father of the bride, but he passed the parlor door and headed straight for his own room upstairs.

When he came down he wore an expression of friendly hospitality on his face, and the bell-crowned beaver on his head.

From that day the beaver went to church with him in state. When he arose from the dinner table the styles of the present troubled him no more, and it was the bell-crowned beaver of the old time that he wore to the graveside of the gray-eyed colleen he had loved and wedded long ago.

IN THESE PECKSNIFFIAN DAYS.

The applicant for a job in the bank stood confidently before the president.

"You do not smoke?" queried the latter, pleasantly.

"No, sir," was the prompt reply.

"Nor chew?"

"No, sir—I consider the use of tobacco a filthy habit, sir."

"You never drink? In fact, you don't know what liquor tastes like?"

"No, sir."

"You don't gamble or play cards?"

"Never, sir."

"Or bet on horse races?"

"No, sir."

"You teach a class in the Umpth street Sunday school?"

"Yes, sir."

"And frequently you are called upon to open meeting in prayer?"

"Quite true, sir."

"In short, you have no bad habits and are pointed out, generally, as a model man?"

"Well, sir, of course it is not for me to say, sir, but—"

"I understand. You may be all right, sure enough, but your past record is against you. We, in these days, have to be unusually careful in selecting their employes. Good-day, sir!"—Puck.

PREFERRED THE DAUGHTER.

She—If you kiss me again, I shall call for m[illegible]

He—I shouldn't think of her if you did.

Courteous.

"Mr. Pritchard is one of the most courteous men I ever saw."

"Why, I was seated in a car the other day when he got aboard. In trying to make his way to the front end, where there was a vacant seat, he stumbled over my feet and fell. When he got up he took off his hat and begged my pardon because he had not waited for the car behind."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Something Wrong.

Cough-Drop Maker—I feel sorry for poor Billy. There must be something wrong about his head.

Gold-Ring Faker—Why so?

Cough-Drop Maker—Why, he got up and addressed a crowd without first saying: "This vast and intelligent audience."—Boston Daily News.

This Old World.

With all the strife and all the straining
This world's a glorious old world yet;
So many splendid things remaining,
Despite what's done, that we may get.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

Boarding House Amenities.

"I see it is said that an average man needs 1,000 pounds weight of food yearly," remarked the lady at the head of the boarding house table.

"But he doesn't want the entire weight in pickles, you should remember," replied the plain boarder.—Yonkers Statesman.

Wonderful.

"Tompkins has a wonderful will power."

"He can resist everything."

"With one exception."

"And that?"

"Temptation." — Milwaukee Sentinel.

A Hair Restorer.

A man dropped his wig in the street, and a boy who was following close behind him picked it up and handed it to him.

"Thank you, my boy," said the owner of the wig, "you are the first genuine hair restorer I've ever seen."

She Just Had to Say It.

"He said I had a face like one of Raphael's angels," said the blonde, with ill-concealed satisfaction.

"Oh, well, the faces of Raphael's angels were all painted, you know," replied the jealous little brunette.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Greedy.

He—What do you think? I overheard Mr. Spooner talking to Miss Phatter in the conservatory, and he told her she was sweet enough to eat.

She—The glutton! That Phatter girl weighs fully 200 pounds.—Judge.

Her Idea.

Patience—I see the average English woman is two inches taller than the American.

Patrice—Do you really think they are, or do they only think they are?—Yonkers Statesman.

Will It?

When lovely woman goes to vote
Up to the polling place
Will the ballot be cut bias
And trimmed with old point lace?

THE HERALD.

MINIATURE ALMANAC

JUNE 1.

SUN RISES	4 10	MOON RISES	00:00 A. M.
SUN SETS	7 13	HIGH WATER	02:45 A. M.
LENGTH OF DAY	15 03		03 30 P. M.

Last Quarter, June 3d, 0h. 20m., morning, E.
New Moon, June 10th, 6h. 50m., evening, W.
First Quarter, June 18th, 9h. 55m., evening, W.
Full Moon, June 25th, 4h. 27m., evening, E.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

Should you fail to receive your Herald regularly communicate with the office at once either by telephone, No. 37, or by messenger. We intend to give careful attention to our delivery system. Subscribers can pay bills monthly at the office or to the collector.

F. W. HARTFORD,
Treasurer.

THE TEMPERATURE

THE HERALD'S thermometer registered sixty-six degrees above zero at two o'clock this afternoon.

CITY BRIEFS

Local dealers in fireworks have placed their orders.

It has been a reasonably busy Spring for the police.

This has been a year of business changes in Portsmouth.

Have your shoes repaired by John Mott, 34 Congress street.

Lobsters are not as scarce as they were, but the prevailing price is still very high.

Now Hampshire seems to have a strong attraction for diplomats and literary men.

The veteran firemen are working early and late preparing for the great muster.

First dance of the season at Hampton Beach Casino tonight. Band concert on Sunday.

Strawberry festivals seem to be less popular than they were as church and society functions.

The High School baseball team will play Berwick Academy at The Plains on Wednesday afternoon.

If the ten mile road race on July 4 was to be an open event there would be many entries from outside the city.

Little has been heard of late of the amateur fire companies at the various industrial establishments of the city.

The city government has had an unusual number of problems to solve since it was inaugurated last January.

There are a few men braving the weather with straw hats, but dealers claim that the sale has been very light.

It is to be hoped that the predictions of an unusually prosperous season at the Summer resorts will be fulfilled.

The baseball team of Portsmouth High School deserves all the support that the lovers of the game in this city can give it.

Henri L. Bates, eyesight specialist, 12 Market square; eyes examined free; new styles. I can save you one-half in prices. M27tdtfw

Company B, N. H. N. G., will have very nearly a full company by the time the state camp is on. The company is now in the best condition it has ever been and they will make an excellent showing.

Harsh physics react, weaken the bowels, cause chronic constipation. Doan's Regulets operate easily, tone the stomach, cure constipation. 25c. Ask your druggist for them.

OBITUARY

Polly Goodwin

The death occurred in Eliot on Friday of Polly Goodwin, aged eighty-seven years.

Mrs. Lizzie E. Remick

In this city today (Saturday) occurred the death of Mrs. Lizzie E. Remick, wife of J. E. Remick.

OBSEQUIES

The funeral of Mrs. Louisa A. Moses was held at two o'clock this (Saturday) afternoon from the Court Street Christian Church, Rev. Frank H. Gardiner officiating, assisted by Rev. John A. Goss of York and Rev. C. P. Smith. Interment was in South cemetery, under the direction of Undertaker O. W. Ham.

MR. STONE COMING

Melvin E. Stone, general manager of the Associated Press, in a letter to the editor of The Herald, gives assurance that he will be in this city on Saturday, June 29, when the New Hampshire Press Association will meet in Portsmouth.

SALARIES RAISED

New Hampshire Postmasters Are to Receive More Money

Postmasters in twenty-nine New Hampshire cities and towns are to be given larger salaries, beginning the first of July. The increases are based on the volume of business during the past year.

Following are the offices affected and the salaries to be paid:

Goffstown and Troy, $1,100; Durham, Epping and Henniker, $1,200; Enfield, Milton and Raymond, $1,300; Groveton and Walpole, $1,400; Meredith and Newmarket, $1,500; Bristol, Colebrook, North Conway and Wolfboro, $1,600; Lakeport, $1,700; Lisbon and Peterboro, $1,800; Woodsville, $1,900; Plymouth, $2,100; Milford, $2,200; Hanover and Lebanon, $2,300; Exeter, $2,400; Dover, $2,700, and Nashua, $3,100.

In every case the increase is $100 a year. The postmaster at Pike will receive $1,700 and at Newport $2,000, an advance in each case of $200.

Two postmasters, those at West Derry and Somersworth, will have to stand cut-downs from $2,200 and $2,300 respectively to $2,100.

CHANGES IN CREWS

On the Boston and Maine With the Summer Schedule

The Summer changes on the Boston and Maine railroad will result in a shift among the conductors who run trains from Portsmouth.

Conductor Henry Toner will run a new train leaving Portland for Boston at 3.55 a. m., and Boston for Portland at 9.21 a. m. The new train will be an express.

The train leaving here at 8.15 a. m., which is now in charge of Conductor Toner, will be handled by Conductor Herbert Colbath, who will run through from Sanbornville to Boston and return on the 5.20 p. m. train, thus doing away with the shifting of engines, cars and crew at Portsmouth, which has been the custom for years.

Conductor J. J. Goodwin of Portsmouth, who is now on the Conway branch, will get a Boston train leaving here after 7.30 a. m. He will also run the navy yard workmen's train in the morning.

LIFESAVERS OFF DUTY.

Left Their Stations at Twelve O'Clock Friday Night.

The lifesavers at the stations in this vicinity went off duty at twelve o'clock Friday night. They will return to duty on the first of August.

Despite the unusual severity of the weather, the past Winter brought no wrecks along this coast, although the lifesavers assisted several distressed vessels into port and gave aid on two or three occasions to fishermen in trouble. The crews of the local stations are made up of brave and efficient men and their record is of the best. No better crews could possibly be selected.

WIFE RELUCTANT

To Receive Again Husband From Whom She Had Parted

A man and his wife, who reside across the river and who separated nearly a month ago, met on Daniel street on Friday afternoon and the husband made a plea to his wife to take him back as her loving spouse, promising that he would try to be good. The wife could not see it that way and the argument between them grew hot.

The police put an end to it by taking them both to the station, where they became partly reconciled and were later released.

The husband may get back once more and then, again, he may be compelled to remain on the outside looking in.

BISHOP COADJUTOR

Will Deliver the Evening Sermon at Christ Church Tomorrow

Rt. Rev. E. M. Parker, bishop coadjutor of the diocese of New Hampshire, will be present at evensong at Christ Church tomorrow and will preach the evening sermon.

The bishop of the diocese will visit the parish for confirmation the last of the present month.

Confirmation classes of Christ Church will meet on Tuesday and Friday evenings of next week. The Woman's Auxiliary and the Men's Society will meet on Monday evening at half-past seven and eight o'clock respectively. On Thursday evening at eight o'clock, there will be a Sunday school concert in the Parish House.

A NEW BROWNIE

Is on the market. Ask to see the

No. 2A BROWNIE

AT

MONTGOMERY'S

Size of Picture
2 1-2x4 1-4

PRICE $3.00

HOW IT LOOKS

Interscholastic League Race From a Somersworth Viewpoint

The Somersworth Free Press discusses the Interscholastic League situation as follows:

As the close of the S. E. N. H. I. League draws near, all followers of the High School ball teams are asking the question, "Who is going to win out?"

Everyone admits that Dover is out of it entirely. In fact, up to date that team has lost every league game. Weakness in the box is responsible to a great extent for this poor showing, and besides this, Dover has no hitters on the team who can be relied upon.

At the beginning of the season, with Hersom in good form, Rochester High's chance looked bright. They started off with a victory and the team played such a fast game that a number of the fans picked the green and white to win. But the boys were unable to keep up the pace and gradually fell behind, until their recent defeat at the hands of Portsmouth High has placed them on the "down and out" list.

With Dover and Rochester laid low, the flag lies between Somersworth High, Berwick Academy and Portsmouth High. The latter, with a number of veterans in the line-up, looks good. With such hitters as Ham, Tredick and Call at hand, and with the remaining games to be played on the home grounds, Portsmouth's hopes run high.

Berwick Academy has had a streak of good luck this season, and has succeeded in winning five of the seven games played thus far. They are the present league leaders.

Somersworth High, after a bad start, has finally struck her gait, and if the team continues to play the ball which it has been playing of late, it will take a good team to stay its rush pennant-ward. S. H. S. is playing a good fielding game, and the hitting has improved wonderfully. The local fans pin their faith on the blue and white, and the league wind-up will be watched with great interest by them.

PERSONALS

Robert Anderson is passing the day in Manchester.

Mrs. D. J. Regan is passing a few days in Biddeford.

Miss Mary McEvoy of Gates street is passing the day in Manchester.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert J. Trottier and daughter Eloise have returned from a visit to Amesbury.

Rev. and Mrs. A. H. Morrill of Laconia were recently called to this city by the death of a relative.

Mrs. James McCormick of Manchester is the guest of her mother, Mrs. James Bowen of Hanover street.

Mrs. Carrie F. Tripp has returned to her home in Dansville, N. Y., after a visit of several weeks in this city.

Paymaster's Clerk M. D. Stuart, U. S. N., who has been passing a few days in Portsmouth, left for Washington today.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Locke of Brookline, Mass., are the guests of Mr. Locke's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John E. Locke of this city.

George E. French, William C. Walton and Fred H. Ward returned this (Saturday) morning from a fishing trip of ten days at Grand Lake Stream, Me. They were well laden with trophies of their skill.

W. C. T. U. INSTITUTE

To be Held Next Wednesday in Hampton Falls Church

There will be an institute in the Baptist church at Hampton Falls on Wednesday, June 5, under the auspices of the Rockingham county Woman's Christian Temperance Union. The program will be as follows:

Morning

10.15 Opening devotional, Mrs. Minnie Janvrin
Greetings, Mrs. D. O. Barrett
Response, County president
Report of March meeting, County secretary
Business.
Singing.
11.00 Department work.
Flower mission, Mrs. Emma Brigham
Press work, Miss L. D. Tripp
Y. work, Mrs. Fannie Pressy
Temperance medication, Mrs. W. G. Cain
12.00 Noon hour service, Miss C. R. Wendell
12.30 Recess. Dinner.

Afternoon

1.30 Singing.
Prayer.
Roll call.
Business.
2.00 "Our Soldiers and Sailors," Mrs. Mary E. Sterling
Music.
Question box, Mrs. C. M. Abbott
Paper, "Love in the Hearts of Workers," Mr. Morrill
3.00 Solo, Miss Mary Wiggin
Offering.
Address, "Aim and Object of the W. C. T. U.," Mrs. E. R. Richardson
3.45 Children's Half Hour.
Remarks.
4.30 Closing.

An evening session will be held, commencing at 7.15, with addresses by Mrs. E. R. Richardson, state president, and Mrs. C. M. Abbott, state secretary; and good singing.

The following are the officers of the Rockingham county union: President, Mrs. L. H. Perkins, Portsmouth; vice president, Mrs. L. A. Marston, Hampton; secretary, Miss A. M. Perkins, Seabrook; treasurer, Mrs. J. H. Fitts, Newfields.

AT THE NAVY YARD

Twenty-five painters were called in the department of construction and repair today.

The marine baseball club from the barracks and the Kittery team are playing this afternoon. The marines have a strong nine on the field and a hot game is in progress.

Four coal barges have been ordered built at the Mare Island yard at a cost of $12,000.

There was plenty of music at the yard today.

Miss Olive Harvey of Worcester, Mass., is the guest of her brother, Herbert Harvey, of the commandant's barge.

The U. S. S. Castine is ninety-nine percent. ready for her commission, which is expected almost any day.

The crew of the tug Nezinscot will make the Sunday trip on ferry steamer, No. 132, to transfer the Naval band to and from the yard.

Elijah H. Cope, assistant paymaster, reported for duty in the general store today.

A summary court-martial is being held on the receiving ship Southery today.

ARGONAUT MEETING

The Argonaut Athletic Association held a meeting at the home of Dean Nelson on Union street on Friday evening. Much business was transacted.

ENTERTAIN PRESIDENT

Fannie A. Gardiner Lodge Of Rebekahs Receive Official Visitation

There was a special meeting of the Fannie A. Gardner Lodge of Rebekah, No. 82, on Friday evening in their lodge room, at which time the lodge received an official visit from the state president, Martha A. Prescott.

There was a very large attendance of the Rebekah of this city and the visitation was one of great success. During the evening the lodge degree team examplified the work, which was very favorably commented on by the state president.

Following the work a banquet was served in the upper hall and a musical program given.

CABLE IN BAD SHAPE

And Telephone Company Puts In a New One In Its Place

The large submarine cable of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company across the Piscataqua River, near Portsmouth bridge, carrying 120 pairs of wires, was found in bad condition on Friday and the insulation in poor shape. This has caused poor service east and west.

Today (Saturday) the company pulled a new cable from one side to the other, in place of the old one, which has been in service for three years.

WORK WILL BEGIN MONDAY

The first work of excavating for the double track on the Eastern division of the Boston and Maine railroad will begin on Monday next, when a crew of workmen will arrive here from Boston and begin operations between Portsmouth and Conway Junction.

Typewriters, Cash Registers
AND
Sewing Machines Repaired

Lock and Gunsmiths
Electrical Work

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3 Haven Ct., off High St.
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CHARLIE SING
Sacramento Chinese Restaurant

American and Chinese Dishes. Chop Suey a Specialty. All kinds of meats, Chicken and Soups served in American and Chinese style. Orders put up to take out.

Lunch from five cents upward.

13 1-2 Daniel St.
Up one flight

A Serge For Mine.

This is the conclusion of many a man when considering what sort of a Summer Suit he will purchase.

A man never tires of a Serge Suit, no matter if he has worn one every Summer since he can remember.

Get a good Blue Serge Suit and you are sure to be a satisfied man.

We are sure of the superiority of our Serge Suits and we guarantee every one of them.

Blue Serges in Single and Double Breasted Styles at $12.50, $15.00, $18.50 to $22.50.

If you're particular about your Serge Suit come here.

F. W. LYDSTON & CO.
Clothes That Satisfy.

Joseph P. Conner Frederick Gardner
CONNER & CO.,
4 PLEASANT ST.
Insurance and Real Estate

Cottage with all modern conveniences and fully furnished to rent for Summer Season, situated at Straw's Point.

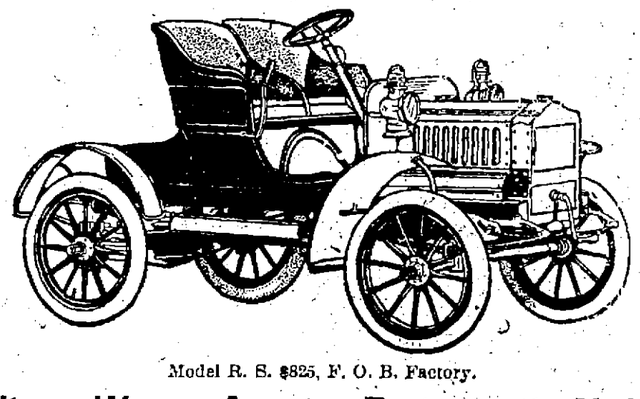
Cottage with modern conveniences and fully furnished to rent for Summer Season, situated at Rye, N. H., on car line.

Valuable Lots for Sale, $150 to $600.

Houses for sale. Splendid investment propositions.

CONNER & CO.,
PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

MAXWELL



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